

Special Features This Issue
‘Mt. Dora Antique & Classic Festival’
‘Drifting’ - ‘Flying Proa of Dog Island’



messing about in **BOATS**

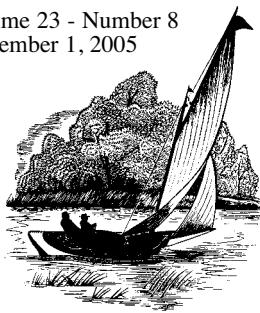
Volume 23 - Number 8

September 1, 2005



**messing
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BOATS**
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On the Cover...

Wes White, one of the "Sons" of Robb White & Sons Boatbuilding, got his South Seas proa working at the family's Coast House Week gathering on Dog Island this summer and Robb tells us all about how it went in this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Some old storm windows were set into the walls and one end was left open for the boat and trailer to be backed into.

The shed served me well during my infatuation with renovating an old wooden sailboat and after that was no longer what I wanted to do it became a spacious place, 15'x30', in which to work on smaller boats, Town Class sloops, plywood kayaks, a Rangeley lake boat, a Penobscot wherry, etc. By the late 1980s I had run through my boat building and fixing up enthusiasm and the shed became a great place to toss (sometime literally) other things taking up room in the main barn or the carriage shed or wherever.

Well, you can imagine this spacious building chock-a-bloc full of stuff tossed into it over 20 or so years, plus all the residuals of the boatbuilding/restoring days. Under some of the more recent stuff sits a big old cast iron 16" table saw, bought out of a local classified advertiser in 1978 because it was made by a Baxter Company and that is my family genealogy name of most significance. It hasn't been used for a quarter of a century. Not far from it stands the plywood framed bandsaw bought at that same time, it was a kit (someone else built it, not me) that one could buy with plans to build the complete plywood/wood framed rig to hold the hardware parts. It worked great but hasn't since the early '80s.

What happens as I begin to clean out the shed is that old memories come back as I start paying attention in detail to what is in there. The bench is covered with all sorts of hand tools and hardware and cans of screws, etc., left there when some project was concluded long ago. I have been pecking away at it as a rainy day project but now, just as it was when I was trying to get ready to bring the boat home, I see that winter is not all that far away and there's much left to be done to clean it out enough so we can move stuff into it from a couple of outbuildings we'd like to tear down before they fall down.

If we don't make it, well, maybe next year, but as I progress slowly through it all, tossing stuff I once saved "just in case," I realize that I am indeed presiding over the closing out of a significant part of my messing about in boats era. I know now I will never again want to use that building for boatbuilding projects.



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

OH! The Wind And the Rain!

Spring slipped by with barely a whimper here on the coast of Massachusetts. We had a couple of balmy days that fell fortuitously during a family reunion, but even 68 degrees for four days hardly constitutes a real spring. It then plunged back into the low 30s and even dropped into the 20s on some very early morning hours. A series of wet, cold, bleak days followed each other like pack mules going down a steep incline, doggedly placing one hoof in front of another with no hope of setting their burden down anytime soon. After everyone was convinced that mold growing on the walls was a normal occurrence, the sun broke out to tease us before one last spate of dreary, humid, gray days descended on us.

Over the past week the tide has turned. We've gone from flooding roadways along the coasts to a real warm and bright spell for over a week. Boats locked into a cold wet spring have been unlimbered and set out on the mooring fields. Our weather patterns have changed. We are now into the fourth year of a cycle that has a short wet fall, a long wet/cold winter and a flash-in-the pan spring that goes into full-bore summer temperatures and condenses the regular planting/boating season into a few months all jammed together.

I've just uncovered the dory after discovering that several nasty wind and rain storms distorted the winter covering. I've hauled out handfuls of maple leaves that somehow worked their way into a clean hull. The winter winds are exceedingly tricky but even my fertile imagination can't figure out how they got in there!

The Captain has stripped the *Marsh-melon*, hauling the spars and odd bits of equipment into the cellar (yes, it is at least 50% cleared out) and is sanding and varnishing in preparation for our Summer Melonseed Regatta down on the South Shore on the 24th of June. After a few cold wet springs we've started a new tradition, we don't even attempt to launch before the regatta.

There were a few tempting moments between cold spells, but she was still snuggled into her winter covers and it wasn't worth the hassle to undo her for only a couple hours fun on still chilly water. I am start-

ing to have more sympathy for the BIG boaters who don't put their craft out until the Fourth of July weekend! Perhaps we need to be looking further south if we want to get more time on the water?

After several delightful days of warm and sometimes breezy weather, today I was reading in a chair when the geese flew overhead followed by the swans, the herons went past in the opposite direction. There was yet no indication of a change in the weather but some inner gauge took notice of the birds' odd patterns. I got up, took a look around, and gathered up the few items left out to dry after I overhauled our old lawn mower. After I'd done that I started to water the parched transplants. The moment I turned on the water the clouds began to boil up in the west and clamber over the hill. They swirled around the hilltop and the accompanying wind picked up. The surface of the Sound went from a simple blue green to a kaleidoscope of menacing grays and bruised purples. The few boats set out thus far started to buck and swivel on their mooring lines. Like over-eager racehorses approaching the starting gate for a big race, each one went at a different gait, some pivoting and turning, others hopping up and down while standing in place. All were chomping at the restraining lines that held them fast.

The current of an incoming tide was pressed back by the strong winds ripping the tops off the small counter-wavelets as they formed. The sky filled with delightful forms of clouds in multiple layers, each one a different color. Many shades of blue-gray mixed with multiple whites and smoky tones. The winds aloft tore the clouds' mid sections apart and scattered the lower levels into thin wisps. The thunderheads built and grew as they devoured the mists below them. Thunder rumbled along the hard-packed wet

sand and reverberated between the shadowed dunes. Like a great big stage set being lowered by the gods from an unseen catwalk, the crepuscular mood overwhelmed the lingering sunlight.

I love the wind and the rain. I noticed many of my neighbors hurried inside as I stood observing the changes from the front stoop. Like something out of a grade B disaster movie the sky opened up and released every drop of moisture held within the massed clouds above us. Just as suddenly it was over and a solid pitter of raindrops segued into a cool mist that hung on through the night.

New Englanders are used to living the old saying "if you don't like the weather, wait a minute," but in recent years the change time between extremes seems to have accelerated. I hope the weather will settle down so our regatta weekend is as nice as usual. I'm ready for some sailing, but, oh the wind and the rain make life here on the coast interesting.

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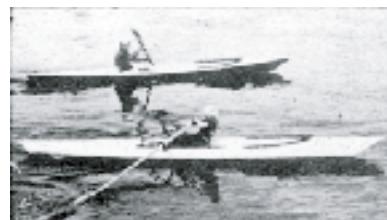
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Activities & Events...

Thames River Cruise/Messabout 2005

The CROPC Thames River Cruise/Messabout 2005 for Sail New London's Boats, Books, and Brushes Weekend takes place on September 17 in New London, Connecticut. It is open to all eastern Connecticut small craft folks and their friends/families. The group will gather at Mitchell College Beach, New London, located at 437 Pequot Ave., 9:30-10:30am. There is a level, sandy, short pathway through the dunes on the north side of the parking lot for hand-carry launching.

Departure for New London's Downtown Festival will be at 11am to Riverfront Park and City Pier, holding well west of the shipping channel. Tie up at dinghy dock or other areas, enjoy events, view Tall Ships, give rides to friends, explore demonstrations and displays, be part of the scene, have fun.

From 1:30-4pm a picnic and messabout will take place, return at leisure from downtown, test, observe, enjoy one another's craft and settle down for a casual picnic at Mitchell College Beach. Basic fixings and foods will be provided by organizers, please feel free to bring your own potluck extras, especially if you have a support staff/friends/kids who will be attending. Bring a boat (or ride in one), come and see the river sights!

Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club, Old Lyme, CT

The 4th Annual Duxbury Bay Classic Boat Festival

The 4th Annual Duxbury Bay Classic Boat Festival will take place on September 24 & 25, featuring an in-the-water boat show with more than 40 wooden boats and classic designs, artists painting waterfront scenes, boat rides, boat building, exhibitors and speakers, demonstrations, and narrated harbor tours. On Saturday evening a Shindig in the Shed will top off the event and include an art auction and cocktail party.

The event is sponsored by the Duxbury Bay Maritime School, Duxbury Yacht Club, Duxbury Historical Society, Duxbury Art Association, and Snug Harbor Yachts. To register as an exhibitor, demonstrator, or for more information call Missy Battista, Event Coordinator at (781) 934-7555 or email missy@duxbayms.com

Maine Canoe Symposium Fun Weekend

The Maine Canoe Symposium in June was quite a fun weekend, the hottest I can remember, everyone wanted to fall out of their boats. Attendance was about 120 with 50 more people leading 75 workshops. The complete schedule is still in PDF format online at <http://www.mainecanoesymposium.org>.

It was a very busy weekend with all those workshops in a day and a half. Kirk Wipper, who founded the Canadian Canoe Museum, put on one evening and several day presentations on the history of the museum and brought along some artifacts. All were enchanted by his knowledge. The Hideaway

Canoe Club (mostly the Peake Brothers and Peter Scott) presented both an evening program and several day shows about their Far North travels. Dan Eaton from the Small Boat Shop had a canoe that he was evaluating for restoration. Lots of people attending the Symposium had questions about wood and canvas boats of their own, even if they had not brought one.

My report is slanted as I was a presenter, am on the Steering Committee, and was teaching three on-water workshops. This was wonderful fun but I wish I had gotten to see more of the Symposium as a participant.

We want to remind all of you that walk-in attendees are welcome and if you have only one day free, that is also fine! Attendance at meals and overnight stays are not required, though many folks absolutely love being in camp and out of touch for two days at Camp Winona in Bridgton on the shores of Moose Pond. We have already had our first planning meeting for next year's event on June 9, 10 and 11 and we have some new noteworthy presenters coming. Sshh, its a secret for now.

Kim Gass, MCS Steering Committee

17th Annual Maritime Festival

The 17th Annual Maritime Festival was held at the Salem National Historic Site on the waterfront in Salem, Massachusetts, on July 16 & 17 sponsored by the National Park Service. It usually attracts between 5,000 and 10,000 visitors. This year the weather couldn't have been better and we were swamped with visitors.

Our Norumbega Chapter of the WCHA set up a display table in a large tent with other traditional craft people such as waterfowl decoys, duck boats (the kind for hunting, not the ones made by GM for WW2), and traditional dogsleds. Our display featured a VCR/TV combo running the WCHA video and also a bunch of back issues of *Wooden Canoe*. We had lots of people watching the video and passed out lots of magazines and WCHA applications, so I hope we gain some new members from this.

John Fitzgerald and I parked our SUVs on the grass and used them as dead weight to stretch the canvas over an 18' Old Town Guide we recanvassed as a working display. This boat belongs to a friend of John's, the grandson of the original owner. They have been abusing this poor old Guide since 1923, but John did some good restoration work on the ribs and planking and had it ready for recovering just in time for the festival.

This was the first time either of us had canvassed a canoe in the upside down manner on sawhorses. It was a learning experience for both of us but we never let on to the large audience that it was on-the-job training. The stretching went smoothly for the most part, the only part that took some extra time and cussing was at the stems, but with determination we ended up with a first rate job, no wrinkles, nice and tight!

In addition to the canvas demonstration, we had on display John's 17' Chestnut Prospector and the 16' Peterborough replica that I made last year. The two bright red canoes attracted a lot of attention. It was

interesting that so many people, in looking over the canoes, couldn't believe that it was a canvas covering that would come out so smooth on the outside after being filled and painted. Most folks automatically concluded that the exterior was some sort of fiberglass or plastic. I can only hope that we educated many of them in the ways of wood and canvas.

Steve Lapey, Georgetown, MA

Fiddles on the Tobique

On the weekend of June 24, Jim and Deb Wachter, Jim Dickinson, Bob and Carol Bassett, and about 10,000 others went to Nicta, New Brunswick, Canada, for the Fiddles on the Tobique. Bill Miller was our host. We all helped Bill get ready for the paddle on Saturday, which had 1,368 canoes and over 300 fiddles plus a variety of other musical instruments. This was the most canoes I ever saw in one spot. I think everyone should experience this at least once. You will want to go back every year. With the Tobique River and all those fiddles in a town of only 16 people, you can't have a bad time. There was music all day and all night. We camped in Bill's field and had a big cookout on Saturday night with music until midnight by a wonderful young (14) fiddler named Janelle Dupris. Bill Miller knows how to party. I will go back to Bill's as often as I can. Thank you, Bill!

Bob Bassett, Vienna, ME

Wild in the Ozarks

Reading "Cedar Key - 2005" in the July 15 issue reminded me of how years ago, when our sons were little, we spent a couple of days in Cedar Key and loved it. I fantasize about attending a Cedar Key Small Boat Messabout in a Bolger Birdwatcher!

The next morning I woke up to reality and when checking on the state of the world at www.nytimes.com I came across the enclosed article, "Party Cove: Wild in the Ozarks."

I'll take Cedar Key. Oh, the pleasure of having a gatekeeper in the form of a less than one foot deep channel to keep the throttle jockeys out!

John Wallis Cooper, San Antonio, TX

Editor Comments: The *New York Times* story is copyrighted so I cannot reprint it for you. Essentially it describes the gathering of 3,000 boats regularly at a cove on the Lake of the Ozarks in Missouri at which exhibitionism and drunkenness run wild with the tacit approval of the marine police, who ticket a handful of the most egregious drunks when they depart under the influence. The report reminded me of Robb White's tale of the White Trash Bash that takes place Memorial Day weekend on his Dog Island retreat (see August 15 issue).

Information of Interest...

Interesting Hull Shape

I spotted this workboat being refinished by its new owner down at Cove Marina in Norwalk, Connecticut, two years ago. He said that he had found it in Virginia and was going to take it up to your neck of the woods when completed.

What caught my eye was the extreme shape of the underwater hull. I assume (prob-

ably incorrectly) that the pinching of the depth of the run of the hull reduces the drag of standing waves while increasing the efficiency of the prop. Notice that the prop shaft runs almost parallel to the waterline, clear of the shadow of the hull. Reminds me of the coke bottle waists of '50s jet fighters.

I didn't have the wit to ask many questions. I made a mental note to return. Bad decision. The boat was gone next time back.

Roy Marsh, Weston, CT



Source to the Sea Canoe Trek

For anyone interested, there is a two page e-brochure dealing with the Source to the Sea Canoe Trek put out by Maine's Androscoggin Watershed Council. Just go to AVCNet.org and navigate from there for a printable schedule. There are many sections that are very attractive. The Gilead to Bethel piece has spectacular stern views of Mts. Madison and Washington as well as many islands.

Bob Bassett, Vienna, ME

Information Wanted...

What Have We Here?

I promised the owner of this boat that I would inquire about what it might be. It is located in New York's Ulster County Catskills, part of a larger purchase sight

unseen. It appears to be collapsible to be carried about to fishing spots.

Neal E. Small, 2 Grace Ct. #4K, Brooklyn, NY 11201, (718) 797-4412.



Lumberyard Marine Ply?

Two large lumber yards in my area stock what they claim to be marine plywood. Words printed on the edges of large bundles of this material seem to confirm this. However, in the 3/8" thickness that interests me there are four plies. This makes me hesitate to buy some because all my previous experience has indicated that marine plywoods are of an odd number of plies such as 3, 5, etc. I would like to hear from readers who can tell me something useful about whether or not this four-ply stuff is safe to use in a small boat.

Bob Whittier, Kingston, MA

"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessings of the Lord" (Deut 16:16)

Needed: Boats and nautical gear

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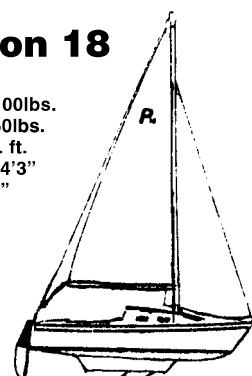
LWL 15'5"

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15' C.B.

16' B.K.

18' - 21' - 23'



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Opinions...

Nautical Feminist Writer

Really, really, really liked that article in the July 15 issue by woman Folboter Ann Rougle ("Hazel Cruises the Everglades") doing her great boating /messing about thing in the outpouring zone of Everglades waters. A nautical feminist writer with keen, fresh observations typically reserved for the likes of a Bridget Jones. As my favorite comedian, Larry David, can say, "Pretty pretty nice."

Dick Burnham, Cummington, MA

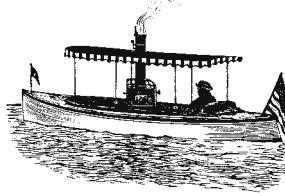
Would Like to Have Learned More

Ann Rougle's report describing her sailing and paddling exploration of the Everglades was great. Ann did an excellent job writing about her trip, it was clear and fact filled and I caught a sense of the adventure to be found in that mangrove and mosquito dominated quadrant of Florida.

I would have liked to have learned more about her camping rig. The facts about the boat are there, Folbot Greenlander, Balogh sail rig and outriggers, but a sidebar on what she used for camping gear would have been the dessert after a good meal.

Keep on sailing upwind, Ann, you have many vicarious companions on your travels.

John Callahan, Dunstable, MA



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Although he is not as widely recognized as the Hiscocks, Francis Chichester, or in latter days, Lynn and Larry Pardy, Tilman is in my mind the most intrepid and competent sailor of the 20th century. He is the quintessential retired bachelor British officer. His driving force seems to be best summed up by a quote he uses from Sir Francis Drake, "It is not the beginning, but the continuing of the same until it be thoroughly finished that yieldeth the true glory."

This book is a compilation of eight separate books written by Tilman over a 22-year period. It begins in 1954 with the purchase of his first pilot cutter *Mischief* and was originally published in 1987. It has been reprinted several times and is generally available through Abe-books, an internet bookseller of used or new out-of-print books (www.abebooks.com).

H.W. Tilman was a mountaineer of some note prior to the Second World War and had extensive climbing experience in the Himalayas both before and after the war which is recorded in *The Seven Mountain Travel Books*. He served during the First World War in the British Army in France, joining up at age 17, and in the Second World War served again in the western desert and behind the enemy lines in Albania and Italy, being awarded the DSO for his service. After serving as British Consul in Burma for a year, he returned to England and began this series of adventures.

Tilman's thoughts ran to the sea and the possibility of sailing to remote mountainous regions and assaulting unclimbed and little known peaks. His allure for this is seen in his comparison of mountains and the sea, "With the mountains there is no romance. Man's association with them is relatively recent and perhaps artificial. With the sea it is as old as himself, natural and inescapable."

It is difficult to attempt to write about a figure as large as Tilman. He lived a life so full of adventure that it is almost impossible to contemplate. When these adventures began, he was already 56 years old and had no sailing experience to speak of. Chronologically, this volume begins with the purchase of *Mischief*, a Bristol Pilot Cutter which he found in Mallorca. In his first volume, which deals with his reasoning for embarking on these adventures (the pace of climbing in the Himalayas had become feverish with the conquest of Everest, Annapura I, and that he considered the undoubted fact that "the Himalayas are high, too high for those who are not in the 'vanguard of youth' and though the aging mountaineer will assuredly find rich solace in its valleys and upon its glaciers, he is not likely to resort to them when he knows there are peaks in other parts of its world still within his feeble grasp,") he relates his purchase of *Mischief* in Mallorca, its delivery back to England, and his first voyage in her to the Patagonian ice cap.

Tilman's way of going about the recruiting of crew for these ventures was, to a large extent, based upon word of mouth from friends and other relationships he had acquired over the years, and in the later voyages he had several repeat crews. Each voyage, however, seemed at some point to require an advertisement or two in *The Times* or other paper in order to fill the crew requirements of four or five, one at least of which needed to be a mountaineer. As an example of Tilman's perspective in obtaining



Book Review

The Eight Sailing/Mountain Exploration Books

By H.W. Tilman

Diadem Books Ltd., London

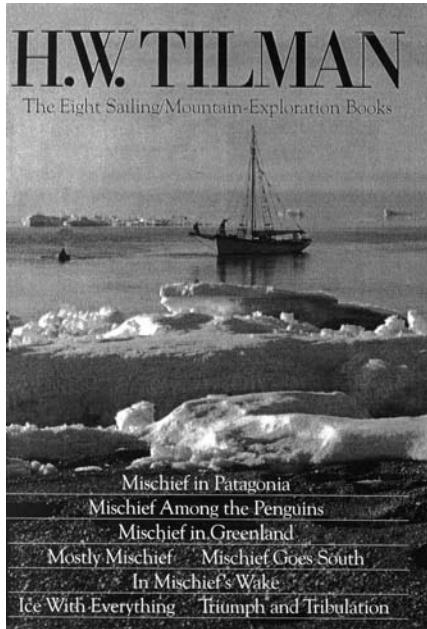
The Mountaineers, Seattle

First Published 1987,

Reprinted 1989, 1993, 1995, 2000

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Reviewed by Turner Matthews



crew from this source, his first advertisement, run in seeking crew for a voyage to the Crozet Islands, far south in the Southern Ocean around latitude 48°S said, "Hand (man) wanted for long voyage in small boat. No pay, no prospects, not much pleasure."

It becomes apparent that Tilman's pleasure in these voyages, as suggested by the Francis Drake quote, lay in the doing of them to completion and that his concepts of comfort as a necessary adjunct to that pleasure was entirely different than most of us would choose. He often quotes from various sources, in particular from the Sherpas with whom he climbed. One quote rather well sums it up, "One can live comfortably even in hell if one knows how to go about it." In keeping with this concept, he took on Jan Garnier with nothing more than an exchange of correspondence. Garnier had written at

length to say he knew little about sailing but was familiar with petrol engines, could cook, and that being a Dutchman his habits were, therefore, clearly to the point of fastidiousness. He had spent seven years in the French Foreign Legion, had deserted in order to join the free French, been caught and imprisoned in Morocco, and had eventually succeeded in joining the British Army where he had been awarded a military medal as well as a Dutch decoration. Tilman took him unseen with the following comment:

"A man with his background would certainly be useful, would mix well, and would not expect much in the way of food or comfort. For presumably the Foreign Legion, in its normal habitat, the desert, lives largely on dates, and in a Moroccan prison one lives, I imagine, on even less."

Although neither this magazine nor Tilman's books are about preparing interesting and edible food at sea, the portions of the book devoted to this necessity are numerous and extremely entertaining. One of the issues in finding crew was the need to find someone who could serve nourishing and edible meals day after day, cooking on a paraffin fired stove in a dark and wet galley. Although they took sufficient canned stores, they always sought fresh food which included steamer ducks and mussels in the Magellan Straits, and in the Crozet Islands and Kergulen, penguin stew, penguin egg omelets, and gourmet food served to them and given to take with them when they left the French scientists at their base at Port Aux Francois.

The voyages themselves, 19 in all, are described in an understated manner and frequently contrast Tilman's steel nerve and character in the face of danger with some of the weaker crew. An example of this is the manner in which he described the initial grounding which set the stage for the loss of his first boat, *Mischief*, on a Greenland shore:

"Ian had the next watch and like a fool I told him that he need not be on deck all the time but to come up frequently. Stupid enough orders! How frequent is frequently? Admittedly it was perishing cold and clammy on deck and one tries to make things as easy as possible for the crew, but there is only one place for the man on watch however safe the conditions may seem. Lying to a mile from a rocky shore in fog, visibility some 200 yards, we were by no means safe. Nevertheless what followed need not have done."

"Ian must have interpreted my imprecise orders liberally. Had he been on deck any time after 3am he must surely have heard or seen something to rouse concern. At 3:30am I woke to a horrible crash and it hardly needed Ian's hurried dash below to tell me we had hit a rock. On reaching the deck the first thing I saw was a rock pinnacle looming above us, I could have almost hit it with a boathook, and *Mischief* was aground on its plinth bumping heavily in the slight swell. I had lost no time in reaching the deck but the panic-stricken Ian had been even quicker to pull the cord of the life raft without first launching it, and if that were not enough was even then hastily cutting the dinghy lashings. Had there been any rats aboard they could not have been smarter about attempting to leave the ship. The great yellow balloon of the inflated life raft now obstructed the starboard deck. Over the top of this I imported to Ian a first few thoughts and told him to stop mucking about with the

dinghy. The engine started at once, and in a matter of minutes the boat slid off but not before the hull had taken some hard knocks."

The voyages to reach unclimbed mountain peaks were of necessity all made to inhospitable terrain. The closest the voyages come to what most normal people might consider as a proper sea voyage are the portions of the four voyages made to the south which involved crossing to Montevideo on the way to Patagonia on the first voyage, or on his ambitious undertaking to Smith Island in the South Shetlands, off the Antarctic mainland below Cape Horn, together with two more voyages south which included stopovers in Capetown. Ironically, the only crew lost on all of the voyages occurred in a crossing to Montevideo on a calm night, and that crew was a professional ship's master on a busman's holiday.

A brief description of the voyages made, which are described in this compilation, follows:

1. Patagonia: traverse of the ice cap, 20,000 miles; 1955/1956.

2. Circumnavigation of Africa after an attempt to reach Crozet Islands: 21,000 miles; (dinghy was lost in a gale on way from Cape Town to Crozet making a Crozet landing impossible); 1957/1958.

3. Crozet Islands: 20,000 miles; 1959/1960.

4. West Greenland: 7,500 miles; 1961.

5. West Greenland and Baffin Island, Mt. Raleigh: 6,500 miles; 1962.

6. The Crossing of Bylot Island: 7,000 miles; 1963.

7. East Greenland: Attempt to reach Skjoldungen: 3,700 miles; (*Mischief* is dam-

aged in ice, prevented from leaving by thick coastal ice); 1964.

8. The Heard Island Expedition to climb Big Ben: In this trip, Tilman is skipper and navigator of the 63' steel schooner *Patanea* which took a private expedition to successfully make the first ascent on Big Ben, a 9,004' peak; 10,000 miles; 1964/1965.

9. East Greenland: Second trip to Skjoldungen; 4,000 miles; 1965.

10. South Shetlands/Smith Island Project: 20,400 miles; 1966/1967.

11. Trip to Scoresby Sound (Sund) and Jan Mayer: In this voyage, *Mischief* is holed by a rock and further damaged by pack ice. She sank a few miles east of Jan Mayer; 2,500 miles; 1968.

12. Purchased replacement for *Mis-chief*, another Bristol Pilot Cutter named *Sea Breeze* from Sir Atholl Oakely; built 1899; 1968.

13. East Greenland: The second Scoresby Sound attempt; 3,400 miles; 1969.

14. West Greenland: Cape Farewell area; 5,000 miles; 1970.

15. East Greenland: The third attempt to reach Scoresby Sound; 5,000 miles; 1971.

16. East Greenland: Fourth attempt to reach Scoresby Sound; *Sea Breeze* hit a rock and sank while they were seeking refuge from poor weather conditions in Sermilik Fjord; 3,000 miles; 1972.

17. Purchased *Baroque*, a 1902 Bristol Pilot Cutter; 1973.

18. West Greenland: 5,000 miles; 1973.

19. Spitzbergen: Included a circumnavigation of Vestspitzbergen and a passage through the dangerous Hinlopen Strait with a grounding while trying to pass through Freemansund; distance not stated; 1974.

20. West Greenland: Attempt to reach Elsemere Island; 5,000 miles; 1975.

21. East Greenland: Angmagssalik; The worst trip; bad crew, bad weather, boarding seas, and grounding; *Baroque* was laid up in Reykjavik for the winter; no distance stated; 1976.

22. *Baroque* comes home: The last of these voyages; advancing age and deteriorating boat brought these adventures to a close.

I once had a shirt with a picture of a lifeboat pulling out through heavy surf. The caption said "Row Hard, No Excuses." This, too, must have been a credo by which Tilman lived. Nowhere in any of the adventures when things went wrong did he look for excuses and others to blame. He lived as one must if they undertake such adventures, in the present moment. His courage was extraordinary and it is a joy to read this book just to be in the presence of a persona such as his, not to mention the vicarious pleasure you can achieve in helping them find a dot of an island (sextants only, please) in the roaring '40s or conning *Mischief* through pack ice so he and his intrepid crew can go climb some unknown mountain peak in Greenland.

Tilman's life ended literally as well as figuratively in October of 1977. Lacking the physical strength and a sound boat for any further adventures of his own (he would be 80 in February 1978), he joined up as crew/navigator with a former crewmate for another trip to the South Shetlands. They left Rio for Port Stanley in the Falklands and were never heard from again. A Viking funeral for one truly worthy of it.

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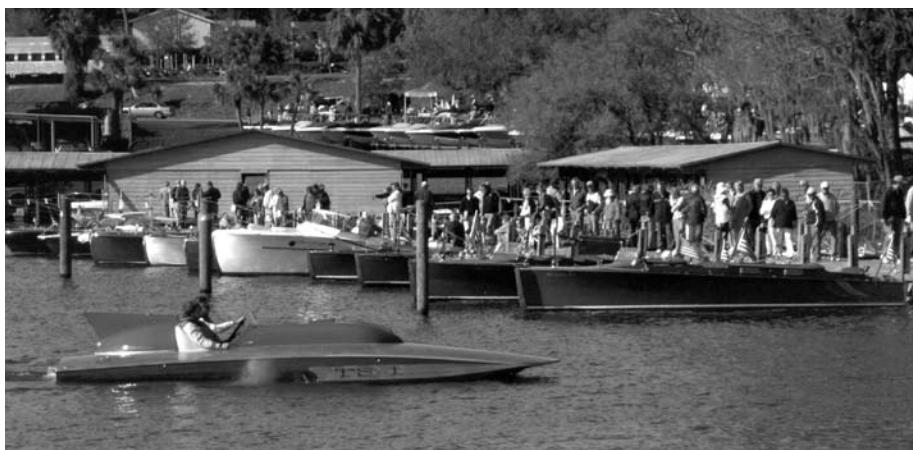
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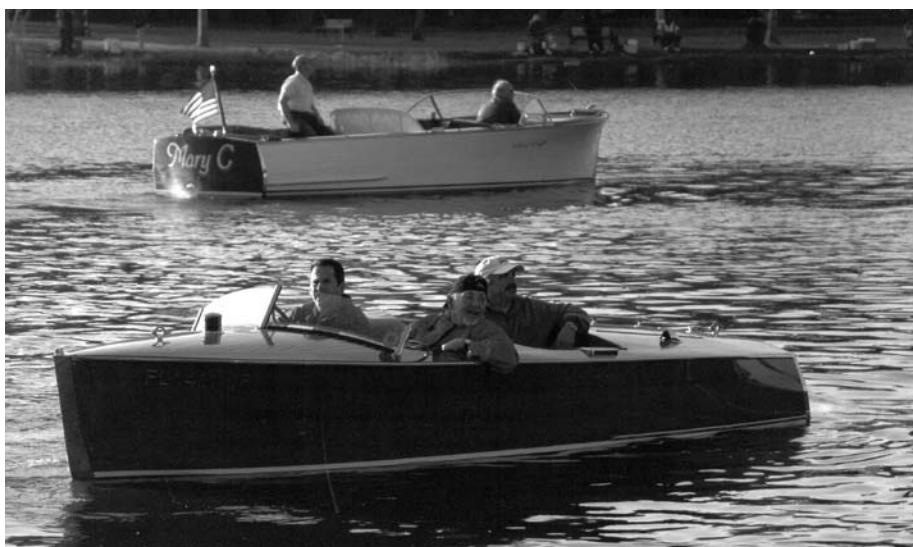
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Fresh from a speed run on Lake Dora, far beyond the range of a moderate telephoto lens, an unidentified hydroplane returns to the Mt. Dora waterfront.



Cat's Meow and *Mary C.* cruise the boat show waterfront as late afternoon light gilds their shiny paint and varnish finishes.

Gleaming in the evening light, an armada of chrome and varnished mahogany graces the Mt. Dora waterfront park dock.



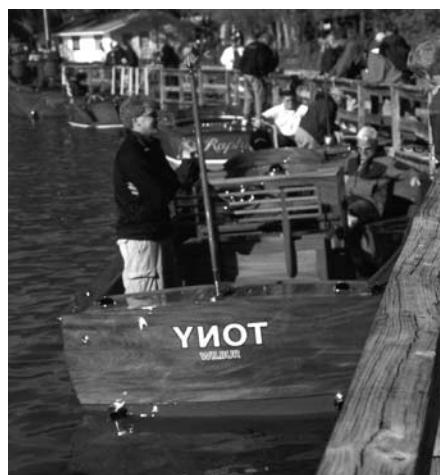
Mount Dora Antique & Classic Boat Festival

By Allan Horton

Procrastination is the only defense this correspondent can offer for posting so tardily these photographs taken this spring at the 18th Annual Mount Dora Antique & Classic Boat Festival. Staged by the Sunnylead (Florida) Chapter of the Antique & Classic Boat Society, it was well attended by exhibitors and spectators alike, who flocked to the small Central Florida town north and west of Orlando.

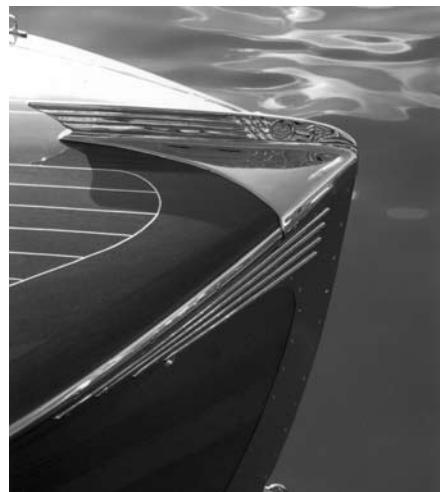
While the festival appeared a great success, my personal motivation for attending was essentially to search for my handmade, strip-built Peterborough canoe stolen months earlier from my garage. It proved fruitless. Oh well, there's nothing to do but build another.

I'll let the photographs speak for themselves. As the old saying goes, a picture's worth a thousand words.



Ben LeDonne of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, regales spectators with details of the four years his family spent building *Ynot*, a 25'4" Wilbur runabout powered by a 230 Marine Power gas engine.

Fine details rendered in chrome and mahogany grace the bow of the commuter *Rumrunner II*.





Close up detail of *Golden Days*' business-like cockpit.



Small Fortune, a 1934 Chris Craft runabout, says all one needs to know from the vantage point of her trailer parked on the Mt. Dora waterfront park lawn.

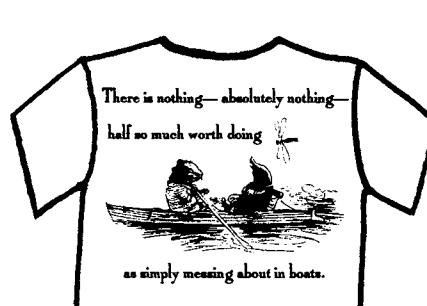
Seemingly unperturbed by boat engine noise, exhaust fumes, and throngs of passing spectators, a coot, *Fulica americana*, watches the activity.



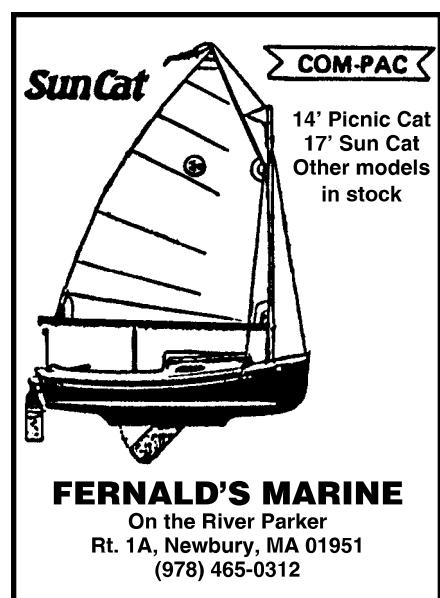
Built in 2004 by the New England Boat Co., and owned by Philip P. Sharples of Tabac, Arizona, the hydroplane *Golden Days* draws admiring glances at the dock.



Possibly the most exotic craft at the show, this former Soviet C003 Arctic patrol and rescue craft propelled by an MP14 radial airplane engine, owned and restored by retired German businessman Jerry Schulte, attracted attention. More details about the 150mph craft are available on its website, www.therussianboat.com



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September 3, 2004: Let the adventure begin! After weeks of anticipation and much communication via email with long-time friend and raconteur David Smith (Smit), I was on my way. This was a messabout that transcended state and international boundaries and required travel by auto, plane, ferry, and finally sea kayak. After a stressful final week of work, trying to close out a couple of large land transactions, I was out the door from work at 3:15pm on my way to the Knoxville, Tennessee, airport, a two-and-a-half hour drive. The extra drive beyond our normal Tricities, Tennessee, airport saved me around \$150. I completed the last minute packing the night before with dry bags, rain gear, warm clothes, knives, fishing gear, mask and snorkel, and the requisite lavish gifts for the guide. These latter included a new "Have you flogged your crew today" t-shirt, home-grown organic pickled jalapeno peppers, salsa, spices, sea salt, and Key West hot sauce.

A word about the gifts and these trips is in order. Smit is a transplanted Yankee who has been on the West Coast for several years. He has accumulated a small fleet of sea kayaks and a good working retinue of trips along the coast from Seattle to northern Vancouver Island. This trip was my fourth with him in the wonderful British Columbia inland waterway. It is a long standing tradition to get a few things together for the guide as he provides the boats, transportation to and from the put-in, and fine hospitality at his home in Kirkland, Washington.

This trip it was just the two of us launching two boats from Lund, British Columbia, on the Malaspina Peninsula at the

An International Sea Kayak Messabout

Hayters Gap to Squirrel Cove (Gourmet Dining Too!)

By Steve Lindeman

southern end of the Copeland Islands below Desolation Sound. We were not sure of our final destination at the time of launch, perhaps west toward Quadra Island. We were hoping for some good late summer weather on the "Sunshine Coast" and smaller crowds than when the summer boaters and kayaks are on the water in this popular sea kayaking destination. The area of our trip is located on British Columbia Chart 3538: Desolation Sound and Sutil Channel.

September 4, 2004: I arrived safely and on time at the Seattle-Tacoma Airport late last night, the usual East Coast-to-West Coast time lag kicking in. I arrived around 10:40pm Pacific time, which translates to 1:40am to my Eastern time zone attuned body. I was greeted at the airport by Smit and his bride Elli and ferried back to home base in Kirkland where we chatted and had a bite to eat, retiring to bed at 12:30am (3:30am EST). Of course, my body woke me up at 7:30am to make and consume coffee and begin the preparations for our trip, sleep can wait.

We spent the rest of the day involved in preparations including boat clean-up and repairs, a new rudder cable for Smit's boat, and new bungee cords all around. We also

installed a new rod holder and a new painter on the boat I am using. This entailed a trip to West Marine for parts and much banjulation (solving the world's problems verbally, a term originating with my friend Benji in upstate New York, but as Robb White would say, that's a long story we don't have time for here). While we were out we stopped by the cigar store, the liquor store, and the grocery store. (A small quantity of Jameson's is always stowed for medicinal purposes). We also accomplished the big food shop for the trip, stopping at Safeway to stock up for five days out.

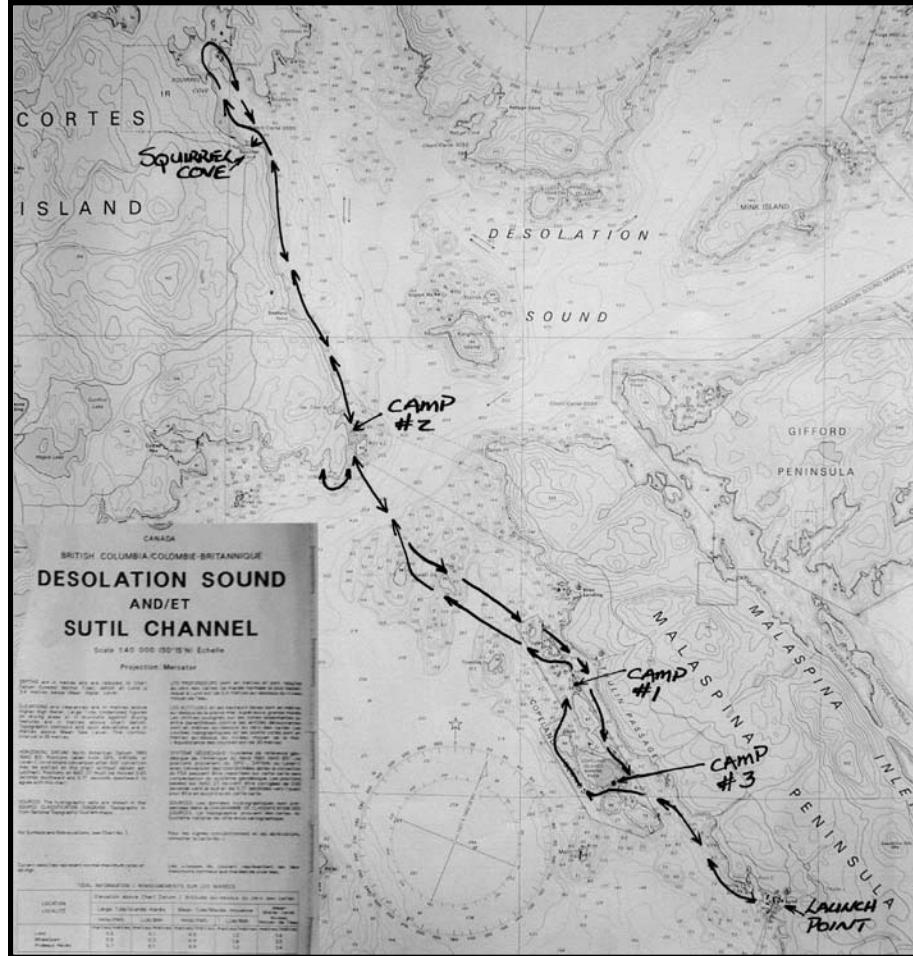
We always eat very well on these trips as sea kayaks will hold a lot of gear and food and we are both creative cooks. Sea kayaking is akin to car camping in the amount of gear you can carry. The only condition is that it does not need total refrigeration and that it will fit through one of the two hatches in the fore and aft of our boats. This latter we test mightily by creative repacking of foodstuffs. We take more fresh food than we need just in case we don't find oysters, clams, crab, or fish. However, we have always managed to find some combination of seafood available. Pasta, couscous, fresh vegetables and fruit, pitas and humus, cheese, hard salami, pesto, tomato sauce, and olives are all combined with our catch. Tender and fresh stuff is protected in Tupperware as it gets hauled in and out of the boats multiple times depending on how many camps we make. We finished assembling our gear and concluded our day with a cigar and a soak in the hot tub by the outdoor fireplace, a very nice feature for a Pacific Northwest home to have!



Loaded up and ready to go.

September 5, 2004: Up at 7:30am for coffee and grapenuts, ready for the final loading and push off from Kirkland. We got loaded up and on the road by 9:00am. We traveled north through Vancouver, making the border crossing without incident to make the 2:35pm ferry from Horseshoe Bay to Langdale. It is good to be on the water again on the Sunshine Coast. BC ferries are clean and well run and are always great places for people watching with lots of foreign tourists on board. Once we make the first ferry we are committed to a certain time schedule as they have them timed to allow overland travel from terminal to terminal. Our second ferry is from Earls Cove to Saltery Bay.

On the road to Lund we stop in a roadside store to buy our fishing licenses and



some salmon tackle. In the store we run into a friendly fishing guide who gives us a promising report on Coho salmon, at least in the Powell River section of this coast. Unfortunately our slightly late departure does not put us on track to arrive in Lund in time to launch this evening, but our back-up is to camp at the Dinner Rock campsite, owned and operated by BC National Forests. This is a great primitive campsite with minimal facilities right on the water. We take advantage of the abundant driftwood to have a fire, enjoy the great sunset, have a simple repast of olive bread and canned tuna, and turn in at 10:30 pm.

September 6, 2004: We are up at the crack of 8:00am to have breakfast and do some final repacking and storing of food and clothing for the trip. We manage to make it out of camp by 10:00am to make the short scenic drive up to Lund. Since we have been coming here this small coastal town has become increasingly gentrified. Gone is the scrungy little laundromat with its bathroom and coin-operated showers around behind the restaurant that was used by kayakers, fisherman, and coastal cruisers. The fancy places here now seem less likely to welcome a couple of unclean, unshaven kayakers upon their return. We used the small gravel boat ramp to load our boats and got underway around noon under clear and sunny skies.

From Lund there is a moderate passage out to the Copeland Islands, a collection of islands maintained as a Provincial Marine Park. There are no developed facilities on these islands except a few designated camping spots with wooden tent platforms. These islands are a popular destination for kayakers, so most of the good camping places are pretty obvious, already having established fire rings, primitive tables, and benches made out of the plentiful rock and driftwood. We spent most of the first day on the water nosing around the Copelands looking at potential campsites, getting used to being in the boats again.

It has been just over a year since our last trip up to the Blackfish Sound area off the northeast coast of Vancouver Island. We settled on a nice camp we had both used before on previous trips with easy access for the boats and abundant oysters. There was also a nice kitchen area overlooking the northern Copelands with occasional views of the Vancouver Range and the setting sun. Aesthetics are always a consideration on these trips. Two nice tent sites, also with good views, completed the picture.

After making camp we set out to fish for dinner, jigging the shoreline of Malaspina Peninsula for rockfish and lingcod (more on fishing later). Smit caught one nice lingcod, along with a few smallish quillback rockfish which we returned to the water to fight another day. We selected one rockfish of sufficient size to feed us and returned to camp. Lingcod were off limits during this trip due to a moratorium on keeping them. It seems that these long-lived fish are in decline due to fishing pressure. Back at camp we easily picked up a couple of dozen oysters, filleted the fish, gathered firewood, and readied for feasting by the open fire.

We settled on a simple treatment for the fish, sauteed in butter with garlic, ginger, and jalapeno. The oysters "al la Smit" were grilled open and given a dash of Durkee's Red Hot sauce and a small pat of butter and returned to the grill for final cooking as an



Sunset from Dinner Rock.



Loading the boats at the Lund ramp.



Smit standing at the ready. Here we go!

View of the Northern Copelands from Camp #1.



appetizer. This standard cooking method for the oysters has stood the test of time. Alas, we are no longer brave enough to eat the shellfish raw due to concerns about human-caused contamination. Wild mushroom couscous with a handful of homegrown sun dried tomatoes rounded out an excellent first supper on the water and set the bar high for future dining.

Oh, by the way, those who thought this story was going to be strictly about boats, distances traveled, and water conditions might as well pack it in now and hunt down a more traditional trip log found elsewhere in this fine magazine. For us it's all about being together in a beautiful, mildly challenging environment and eating well-prepared food. As is typical for us, we finished dinner around 10:00pm and headed to bed.

September 7, 2004: A beautiful clear and sunny morning with temperatures in the 50s with a light breeze. Thoughts of shellfish procurement are with us this morning. Oysters gathered from our beach and perhaps a short yak trip to dig clams from a known gravel bar on an adjacent island. Unfortunately we were too late for digging clams as the tide had already covered them up. But we did get in a good morning warm-up paddle in nearly empty boats before going back to break camp and head on our way. Northwest to Townley Island we passed through a gap in the island and across a large shellfish lease, then on to the Powell Islets. We scrambled about like shore crabs on the westernmost island to explore a bit and found multiple campsites and fantastic views of the Straits of Georgia and Desolation Sound.

Next stop was Mary Point on the south-east tip of Cortez Island, after crossing some mighty deep water in the mouth of Desolation Sound. The chart shows depths of 439 meters here. The crossing was uneventful, actually quite pleasant, with calm seas, clear skies, and a slight tailwind to help us across. I am always amazed to think about how deep the water is under me in this area as we are traveling around in 17' kayaks. We landed at Mary Point and explored a couple of unnamed islands off the point and made camp on the smaller of these two islands around 4:30pm.

Camp #2 off Cortez Island with oyster lease all around.



Most of the area around and between these two islands and Cortez Island was posted as a shellfish lease, which meant it was off limits for us to harvest oysters. Fortunately we had stocked up at our last camp and had an oyster stash on the back of my boat. I had picked up a cast-off, cut-off portion of a five-gallon bucket along the way, which made an ideal oyster transport when bungeed down on the rear deck. After making camp we set out in the boats to put out the crab pot baited with fish carcasses and to explore.

Paddling south around Mary Point we found a couple of very pretty, well protected bays. The Pacific madrone and Douglas fir interspersed on the exposed rocks with hanging gardens of ferns on these cliffside seeps formed a stunning picture.

We fished a bit on the way back to camp with no success, no fish for our supper tonight. A check of the crab pot found it full of undersized red rock crabs, probably a dozen or so. We released all but the largest and reset the pot in deeper water. We are finally learning that the key to catching crabs here is not water depth but grass cover. Our best catches are in areas with healthy stands of sea grasses. A light rain set in on our way back to camp so we strung up a tarp for cover over our cooking and lounging area. We finished the day with a fine meal of roasted oysters and corn-on-the-cob and toddled off to bed by 11:00pm after a very full day.



The author at one of the pretty sheltered coves off Mary Point at the southern tip of Cortez Island.

September 8, 2004: We slept through a fairly constant rain during the night as a low pressure system passed through. The rain kept us in our tents until around 9:00am. We spent the morning repairing our tarp set-up and messing around camp with breakfast and enjoying some bonus coffee until around 12:30pm. Our plan was to paddle up the coast to Squirrel Cove. We saw lots of trophy houses under construction along the coast of Cortez Island on the way to a place called Seaford on the chart. Seaford contains a small cluster of houses, some old, some new, with no public dock. We made it to the provincial dock in the community of Squirrel Cove at around 2:00pm.

This is an interesting little place with a general store, liquor store, and gas station combined. There is also a craft store, a restaurant, and a coin-op laundry. We scratched our heads over the craft store, they must get an influx of tourists in the summer as this place is definitely off the beaten path. The general store and laundry form the social hub of downtown Squirrel Cove. I'm not sure which is the biggest draw, the food, the gas, or the liquor store. We hung around and ate lunch on a nice bench overlooking the waterfront and met some of the local color, including a gill-netter and some folks living alternative lifestyles. Before leaving we availed ourselves of the hot water in the bathroom of the laundry to freshen up after three days sans showers.

After lunch we set off to circumnavigate Protection Island at the head of Squirrel Cove. The lee of the island is a popular mooring spot for traveling yachts and contained boats of various types, some of these looked a bit mossy, like semi-permanent liveaboards. A portion of the shore in this area was posted as First Nation territory. By the time we had made our way around the island and were ready to head back to camp, a serious blow from the south was up. We faced the three to four-mile paddle back with a strong headwind and 2'-3' chop. To add to the rigor of the chore, there is basically no lee between where we were and where we needed to go. This meant no breaks, just steady hard paddling, the stuff stories are built around, rah!

We made it back to camp by 6:00pm, tired and a bit sore but no worse for the wear, again with no fish. We found our tarp hanging on by a thread, flapping wildly in the wind, and much of our gear strewn around camp. Fortunately nothing was lost and our tents were dry and intact. We battened down the hatches and before supper enjoyed a quality cigar and toddy while looking off toward the west from the highest point on the island. We cooked a supper of oysters and mini tortellinis and a fine vegetable medley of zucchini, onion, Anaheim pepper, jalapeno, garlic, and tomato, seasoned with Italian seasoning and sea salt. Before bedding down around 11:00pm we checked out an amazing display of phosphorescence along shore, which looked like miniature green stars. We survived a fairly major rainstorm during the night.

September 9, 2004: We sprung up at 7:30am, early for us, to break camp and take advantage of calm winds for our paddle back to the Copelands. Yesterday's struggle against the wind was still fresh in our minds. I had my normal breakfast of grapenuts with flaxseed and apple, soymilk, and coffee, strong and black. Smit prefers granola with

some form of fruit juice on it. He also drinks tea instead of coffee, so I take a small one-cup set-up with filters and good quality ground coffee.

The morning was quiet and overcast and the seas were calm. The tide was out so we spent some time on foot exploring the oyster lease around camp before we left. Most of the oysters are loose and scattered across the bay floor, but we also found some large nylon mesh bags of oysters lined up along the bay floor oriented with the tide.

We broke camp and pushed off around 10:30am. We lucked out with calm seas, it was overcast but we had no rain. We made an uneventful crossing, swinging around the easternmost Powell Islet and striking the Copelands at the small light at their northern end opposite Bliss Landing on Malaspina Peninsula.

We wove our way through the northern Copelands and fished a bit along the shoreline of the peninsula, catching and releasing one small rockfish, and mosied down the Copelands to the southernmost island where we had hoped to make camp in a nice Provincial campsite. We found the campsite occupied, so we re-traced our paddle north to the next island in the group. We located an established and nicely sheltered campsite and took up residence.

After making camp we went fishing, setting our crab pot on the way. One very large rockfish was landed, all we needed for supper, so we headed back to camp. Once again we had no luck in the crab pot. A group of eight kayakers came by looking for a camp while we were building our fire and preparing for the evening. It seems that one of them had been dumped out by a large boat wake so he was soaked through and miserable. They were a motley crew ranging from 20-something to 80-something, some Austrian, all led by an American. Most of them looked pretty inexperienced, they were all ready to call it a day after a late start and a rough crossing from Lund.

Smit directed them to a couple of large campsites further north and they were off towing one of the elderly Austrian women who was having difficulty keep up with the group. We let them know that we would make room for them at our smallish site if need be, but we didn't see them again. Our leisurely last supper on the water, eaten in multiple courses, consisted of fish, oysters, pasta with pesto, and grilled corn. The weather radio was talking up the possibility of a storm coming up the strait from the south so we pre-packed and retired early to get a jump on the storm in the morning as we made the crossing to Lund. Our goal was to make land at Lund by 9:00am to be able to make the 11:20am ferry from Saltery Bay to Earls Cove.

September 10, 2004: We were up at 7:00am, looking at dead calm seas with no storm in sight. I know that we both listened for wind all night. We scurried around breaking camp and eating a quick breakfast to launch shortly after 8:00am. The crossing to Lund was fairly uneventful. We did hit a bit of a headwind as we rounded the final point and headed into the harbor at Lund but we landed right at 9:00am as planned. We unloaded the boats, stowing our gear in the car and strapping the yaks on the roof rack. We both took quick "spit baths" in the new public restrooms on the dock before heading out on the road home.



Waterside view of Squirrel Cove, British Columbia.



Bags of oysters lined up on the bay bottom. Camp #2 is on the island in the background.

We made the first ferry at 11:20am and the second at 2:30pm from Langdale to Horseshoe Bay and had cool rainy weather on our drive back. We arrived back in Kirkland around 6:30pm, unloaded the boats and gear, sorting out mine from Smit's and doing some minor rinsing and cleaning. Smit graciously offered to do the major rinsing and cleaning the next day after I had gone so we could spend some relaxed time together that evening since we don't get together very often. Smit, Elli, and I had a nice supper of grilled veggies and prawns eaten by the outdoor fireplace and finished the evening with a fine cigar and toddy, soaking in the hot tub.

September 11, 2004: I was up at 7:30am to get packed and headed out to the airport for the long journey home.

Fishing Information

Fishing in British Columbia's coastal waters requires a Sport Fishing license, and since we are United States citizens we had to get non-resident licenses. We purchased three-day licenses for a little over \$20 Canadian and added salmon stamps for \$6.42. We reasoned that three days would cover the actual time we would be able to fish, as we had no time to fish on our last day. We spent very little time in pursuit of

salmon, but they were a possibility, so better safe than sorry.

The area of our messabout is in the waters of the South Coast Management Area #15 as described in the 2003-2005 British Columbia Tidal Waters Fishing Guide. We always pick up a current BC Fishing Guide for each trip as the rules and regulations are constantly changing. These guides contain very good scientific information on all manner of fish, shellfish, and marine life along this coast in addition to gear and license requirements. I would highly recommend picking one up and studying it, even if you are not a fisherman, if you are planning on a messabout in these waters.

We fished primarily for lingcod and rockfish jigging with large (2-4oz) lead-head jigs tipped with variously colored soft plastic bodies. Our standard color used to be deep purple, but we have had some luck with other colors, including motor oil with glitter and white with green tinge. We use short, stout boat rods with Penn level-wind reels spooled up with 30lb monofilament.

Lingcod populations are now described as "severely depressed" by Fisheries and Oceans Canada, and as a result we could not keep any lingcod from Area 15. These are relatively large, aggressive fish with large

teeth and a mottled appearance from brownish orange to green. Lingcod are exceptionally fine table fare, in the parlance of the south, "they eat good!" The uncooked flesh of lingcod is often tinged with green but it turns white with cooking. Unfortunately we had to release two of these, one over four pounds, during this trip.

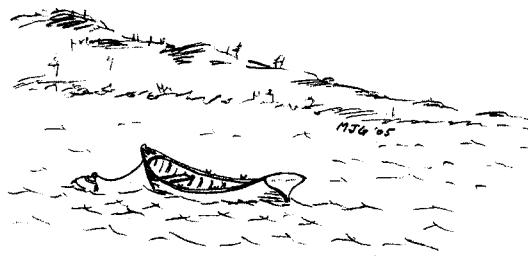
We also caught quillback rockfish, which are also at low population levels, and in Area 15 we were limited to one per person per day. We kept and ate two on this trip providing us an ample supply when combined with our daily ration of about two dozen oysters. We rarely keep more than one fish per day for the two of us, as this is all we can eat in one sitting and we have no refrigeration for our leftovers.

Rockfish are described as groundfish that are slow growing and long-lived, only reproducing when they are 7-20 years old. The two species commonly found here are the yelloweye rockfish, which lives up to 118 years, and the quillback rockfish which lives to 95 years. These fish are found over rocky bottom so we usually target them adjacent to cliff faces close to shore in water 30'-80' deep jiggling on bottom. Since we have no way of anchoring in our kayaks, we drift with the tide or wind trying to set up a drift at the right depth parallel to shore.

We set out one folding crab pot baited with fish carcasses hoping to catch Pacific dungeness crabs or red rock crabs. We caught only undersized (less than 115mm) red rock crabs so we did not get to eat any crab on this trip. We had fair success catching both of these crabs on a previous trip to Blackfish Sound off the northeastern end of Vancouver Island. On past trips we also dug all three varieties of hard clams, the native littleneck, butter, and manila clams. We did not catch the right tides for digging clams, although we know we were near a couple of good gravel beaches that harbored these tasty mollusks.

We rarely eat any of our shellfish raw these days fearing the various forms of contamination now prevalent, including red tide.

Knowing the water you take shellfish from is the best precaution, the cleaner the better, away from moorings and inhabited shores. Shellfish are always best in the cooler months from September to May and you must have a Sport Fishing License to harvest them. Also, pay attention to any posting of marine alerts at launch sites. Fisheries and Oceans Canada usually has information posted at marinas and boat ramps concerning red tide, fishing restrictions, and shellfish closures for specific areas of the coast.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Perhaps you think the Water Rat doesn't mess about in boats anymore. I was staying with some friends outside of Annapolis one spring a few years back. Well, maybe more than a few years, about 1973. That's the year I fell in love twice and almost... anyway, you don't really want to hear about my love life. You wanted to hear a story about the muskrat. I was wandering that year. I had an old VW Beetle with a 13' Grumman canoe strapped on the roof racks, a box of woodworking tools, another box of books, and ten pounds of granola. That and a sleeping bag ought to be enough for anyone.

I stopped to visit a friend of mine who was sharing an old Victorian house a mile from Chesapeake Bay, way down an atrocious dirt driveway and out in the middle of a hayfield. From the widow's walk you could easily see the water. I found work doing carpentry around Annapolis and my visit became prolonged. It was coming on April and, the weather being fair, we decided to take the canoe for a little swim. She gets kind of grumpy just sleeping on top of the car. We dumped her into one of the many estuaries, grabbed our fishing poles, and paddled off. After a bit we tied up alongside a grassy bank about head-high and settled down to do some serious fishing.

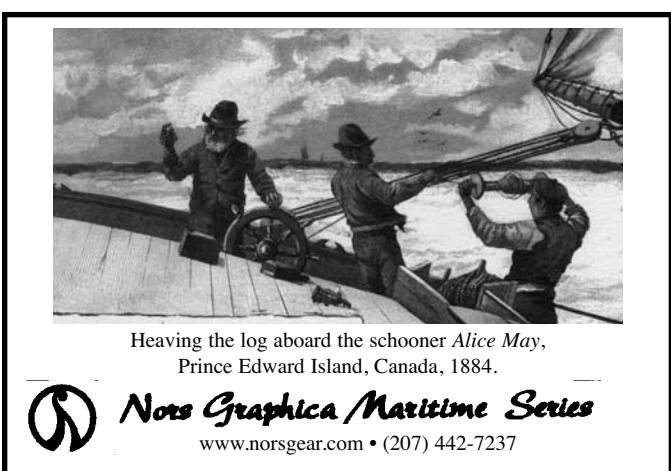
But we hadn't consulted the water rat. Here he came, scurrying down to the bank in his frivolous way. "Five o'clock!" he muttered. "Time for tea!" Then he launched himself, as usual, into the creek. A small furry body came whizzing by my ear. Our canoe was definitely not a part of his schedule. His "messing about" consisted of dashing from end to end of the boat and snapping at our toes. I slid my paddle under him and familiarized him with our man overboard drill without boring him overmuch with the subsequent rescue routine. Consequently, he made it home to his cozy hole in the river-

bank where he promptly seated himself in front of a cheery fire and proceeded to bring his journal up to date. This is what water rats do. I read it in a book.

Cats, however, are notoriously poor journalists. You never know what they're thinking. When we first went out to the Island we took our cat, the Fabulous Fuzz McGee. Petite and fluffy and very independent. She wasn't thrilled about the canoe trip but, after all, she trusted us and was patient. She seemed to enjoy the Island that summer, a hundred acres without another dwelling, and we left her there to hunt when we went up river. After a while, though, she disappeared. No Fuzz McGee for a month or maybe more. And then, lo! There she was up at the Landing outside the store. And she turned her back on us and stalked away.

Another unusual passenger, not counting Giraffe, was a squirrel (I think I'll save Giraffe for another story). I was on my way up to the Island when I observed this little gray head poking up from the water. He was swimming strongly away from shore. He'd come perhaps a hundred feet and had at least a quarter of a mile to go. He'd be lucky to make the farther bank by Tuesday.

"In search of adventure," I mused. "Or forced to flee the minions of the law." Reading Mr. Grahame provokes such sentiments. I slipped my paddle under him and he crawled his weary way up its length and toppled into my boat. He was so spent with swimming he scarcely even stirred. He lay there, his little chest heaving, as I paddled back to shore. I put the gangway out and off he went, rather tentatively, rehearsing his current plausible explanation. I rather doubt that his wife believed a word of it. But I've given up corrupting little animals, I haven't had a snapping turtle in my canoe for nearly 20 years...



Heaving the log aboard the schooner *Alice May*,
Prince Edward Island, Canada, 1884.



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May 27, 2005: Launched at Glasgow, Missouri, at 1730. For the past two years most of our time on the river was work time as Big River Tours. Big River Tours didn't work out and we promised ourselves some peaceful time to ourselves on the water this year. This wasn't our first outing for the year, but this time we had all of Memorial Day weekend to do whatever we wanted to do on our beloved Missouri River and we made the most of it.

At 4,000lbs tow weight, 11' high on the trailer, 8' wide, and dead flat the full width, *MorningStar*'s a hard pull for the elderly Dodge so we don't push it. We can cruise 45mph on flat ground without the old 318 even breaking a sweat and that suits me just fine. We can go faster if we need to but every additional mile per hour knocks off about a mile per gallon, and if we felt compelled to go 60 we probably couldn't afford to go at all.

At our speed Glasgow, Missouri, is about three hours of two-lane blacktop away from home. Although only about 70 river miles from the reach we know the very best, the river above Glasgow is the reach we know least of any portion of our river below Kansas City in the western half of Missouri.

Below Glasgow lie, in order, Fish Creek Bend, Euphrase Bend, and then the incredibly tight one-two S-bend punch of Saline City Bend and Salt Creek Bend, these latter two bends home to the Lisbon Bottom and Jameson Island units of Big Muddy National Fish and Wildlife Refuge and probably the biologically healthiest stretch of the entire massively altered and damaged Lower Missouri River. Once we haul *MorningStar* overland that far from home, we usually head for Lisbon/Jameson and the chutes, sand bars, and rich backwaters that echo the past glory of this, once arguably the richest, inland ecosystem in North America.

However, all of that is still not enough of an excuse to allow the miles above Glasgow to be a blank on our mental map,

Drifting

By Jeff McFadden

Aqua Incognita, so this year we've promised ourselves to spend some time on the Missouri, Grand, and Chariton Rivers above Glasgow and below Miami, including the Grand up to Brunswick. These little river towns all struggle to survive. The promised economic benefit of river navigation and grain terminals mostly never materialized, the ever shrinking number of ever larger farms no longer provide a customer base for small rural towns, and the river's few recreational users (ourselves included) are a hard-scrabble lot who undoubtedly contribute less than we ought to the local economies.

The towns welcome us all, though. We may not spend a lot, but river rats bring the only outside money most of these towns see year in and year out. Glasgow in particular, with its well-developed launch area and park with camping facilities, attracts a relatively large number of river boaters and appears more prosperous than many of the other river towns.

Our late launch on Friday would have provided us time to get well above Glasgow and onto peaceful and secluded waters, but we chose instead to see our mid-Missouri friends Troy and Janine and the incredibly charming 15-month-old Jasmine Gordon. We all met at the boat ramp at Glasgow and motored just a couple of miles upriver to a rock jetty where we could scrounge driftwood for a cook fire and have ourselves a feast of hotdogs and beans and share a few stories.

We put the Gordons back at the Glasgow ramp at about sundown, leaving ourselves ample time for a leisurely cruise just about four miles up from the ramp where we anchored in still water behind a wing dam far enough around Cambridge Bend to be

unable to see the lights or hear the sounds of town. Four short miles to seclusion.

The big river is busy in the last hour before sundown, especially within five or ten miles of any public access and boat ramp. Most of the river rats are set line fishermen and are busy buzzing up and down the river in the waning hours of daylight, baiting their trotlines, banklines, and limblines, hoping to land one of the few remaining 100lb catfish, or at least some 10- or 20-pounders which have bounced back strongly since the floods of 1993 and 1995. Few, if any, of these folks have lights on their boats, though, and fewer still stay on the dark waters after sunset, lights or no, so by dark we have the river to ourselves. Most years we never see another boat anchored out anywhere on the river. It is our private world.

We run our anchor light all night whenever we are anchored out on the river. It is the law. It is also an exercise in meaningless formality. Days and weeks go by without ever a commercial tow traveling up or down this river. In spite of hundreds of millions of dollars spent over the past 80 years and millions more that continue to be spent year after year, in spite of the massive and ongoing ecological destruction done in the name of the navigation which is claimed to be so critical to our state, and indeed to our nation's welfare, the barge industry that largely owns this empty water remains nearly invisible.

Anchored as we are in typically 5'-6' of water behind a rock wing dam on the off-channel side of the river, even if there were a stray commercial tow wandering up the river looking for, say, Cincinnati, he'd be hard aground while still several hundred feet of shallow water away from the quiet harbors we inhabit. However, although we are well out of reach of the barges that aren't there anyway, there is a theoretical possibility that some hard-headed private cruiser might be traveling up or down this river in spite of the almost total absence of fuel, pump-outs, food, emergency services, or indeed any of

the services that people expect to find on navigable waterways. If such an intrepid traveler were out on my secret river it would be embarrassing beyond words to have him run into me in the middle of the night in the middle of nowhere because I didn't have my anchor light lit.

May 28, 2005: Underway at 0945. *MorningStar* is a perennial work in progress. For the years since we built her she has been without permanent cabin furniture or significant storage (except ready-access storage for a generous selection of life jackets for adults, children under 90lbs, and infants for her day job as a six-passenger river cruise boat). The 8'x10' cabin, even augmented by the 8'x6' front deck, provided only just enough room for a half a dozen overfed Americans and their coolers and picnic lunches. They traveled seated in our comfortable folding chairs, free to move said chairs inside or out and turn them every which way to see whatever they wanted to see. Therefore, whenever we've overnighted in her we've set up cots for ourselves and piled our gear in untidy heaps. Without much of a usable galley we've mostly lived on snack food, cold sandwiches, and things carried in from home.

Now that our tour business is over, we're in the process of converting *MorningStar* to a better river cruiser. This was our first trip out with built-in bunks/bins, and to top it off we brought a still portable but reasonably workable galley. So we had the luxury of a level of floating housekeeping that had only been a dream before. Add to that Gloria's love for photography and river sunrises and it can take us a long time to get our day in order and the anchor stowed.

There's really no place we need to go anyway. Our journeys on the river aren't about getting up, getting cracking, getting underway, and getting somewhere. Once the pontoons hit the muddy water and the launch ramp fades from view, we're there. Travel, sit still, it all depends on our mood at the moment.

We did want to see some of this, to us little-known, reach of river though, so we got ourselves around and underway. We rather wanted to visit Brunswick, four miles up the Grand from the big river, and to add to our uncertainty in this somewhat foreign area, we had set ourselves an arbitrary speed limit. *MorningStar* will make about 16mph through the water, which means that she can make about 12-1/2mph upstream in times like these with the current running maybe 4mph or slightly better dead in the middle of the channel and closer to three-and-a-half on the edges of the main channel where we tend to travel. We had made a deal, though, that we would not push her beyond about 8-9mph water speed. We're seriously considering building a different boat and it will likely be a displacement speed to low semi-planing speed boat, so we wanted to limit ourselves to overwater speeds the hypothetical new boat could attain and see if we could live with it in the swift waters of the engineered channel.

This channel business is important on the Missouri. Once upon a time the mighty river was what is known as a braided, multi-channel river. In those days the Missouri wasn't so much all one river running between two banks, but was more like a gang of creeks and rivers that had agreed to hang around together and run as a group down the valley. The channels would merge and sepa-

rate, join and split. The waters flowed among sand bars, behind islands, through chutes, and into dead-end pools where the only outflow was beneath the surface of the always shifting sand. The whole process spread out a mile or more wide and in places and at times a man could wade or drive a team and wagon across the broad murky river.

Not in spring or early summer, though. In spring the accumulated snow of the entire northern Great Plains melted and roared down the valley, covering all the sand bars and scouring them clean, merging a mile or more of width of streams and trickles into one raging torrent, tearing away banks, taking short cuts across bends, and generally introducing a degree of variability into valley life that the settlers didn't much care for. And that was just spring. In early summer it did it again, and did it better as the deep snowpack on virtually all the American Rocky Mountains east of the Great Divide (and a few hundred thousand acres of Canadian Rockies to go with it) melted and came ragging down off the steep mountainsides into, and along, the broad valley.

The Big Muddy did this to a greater or lesser extent every year from the end of the last Ice Age until the end of World War II, after which the Corps of Engineers fixed it. More or less. They built five enormous dams across the Missouri River, adding to the one they had built back in the 1930s, and in the doing they converted the annual flows into water stored in pools and converted a dynamic process into property over which the people of the upper and lower basin could quarrel endlessly. Now the floods are fewer but far more destructive and so far the river has mostly stayed where the Corps of Engineers decreed it ought to be and now there is, as people of European descent so long dreamed, just one channel of water running between just two banks.

Those two banks are, here in Missouri, roughly a quarter of a mile apart. The space between them is full of water. With very few exceptions, there are no islands, no backwaters, no separate little flows of water. It's pretty much just all one river but it can be deceptive. The tool that pushed all those separate little creeks and rivers into one deep swift channel is the wing dam. Wing dams have evolved over the past 60 years but those that exist today are rock jetties. Most of them extend from the bank out into the water on the insides of all the curves along the river, with the remainder just stuck to the bank here and there on one side or the other to suit the Corps' means and methods.

How many there are per curve, where they are, and how they are arranged varies depending on the shape of the curve and other considerations, but typically there are three to five wing dams per mile on the off-channel side of the river and another two or three per mile as the channel swings from side to side. (So that's, say, an average of four to six huge rock piles per mile over the entire 750 miles of the "navigation" project, say 3,000 rock piles installed and maintained at public expense to accomplish very little. I'm glad y'all can afford it.) The channel is always on the outside of the bend and crosses the river between bends.

Lots of these wing dams are visible lots of the time. Others are almost always hidden. Over the past few years the Corps has been whittling away at many of the wing dams, making them even harder to see and even

easier to hit. This latest project isn't doing much for the ecosystem but it is providing political cover for the Corps, the invisible barge industry, and some very well-connected landowners. The idea is to create some few side flows of water and some areas of shallow flowing water, water flowing through notches cut in the wing dams and over the top of wing dams scraped into lower and broader shapes to create some semblance of the side channels and shallow flows over sand that once defined the Missouri. It's a simplified solution to a complex problem and unlikely to meet the need, but it does provide a few modest homes for a few river creatures and it provides that all-important political cover.

Behind the wing dams, below bend points on the insides of bends, and in other places there is some very shallow water. Very shallow. Sometimes so shallow the sand or mud shows through and in gradations from there down through 1" of water, 2", 3". Then maybe it's 8" or 18". Whatever your boat draws, from 12' to "no more than a water ski," there's someplace out there to run it aground.

It's not all that risky to run aground on a sand or mud bottom, nor is it nearly as risky to ease up into the mud or sand at a walking pace as it is to run afoul of an artificial limestone reef in your bass boat with the throttle wide open, but still it's easy to get stuck out there if you're not paying attention. And it's kind of a hassle to get stuck in a 3,000lb pontoon shantyboat, even if you don't hurt the machinery. Given my fondness for shallow water we manage to get stuck often enough anyway. We take comfort in the knowledge that if it's shallow enough to get stuck in, it's shallow enough to wade in and push off.

So when one travels on the Missouri River it pays to stay in the engineered channel. But it costs extra to stay dead in the heart of it, especially if traveling upstream. So the trick, especially in a slow boat, is to try to stay toward the inward edge of the channel, away from the swift water at the very outside of the bend, looking for that sweet spot where there's little risk of peeling your propeller off on some expensive federal rock pile but where there's not quite so much water trying quite so hard to carry us backwards to the Mississippi.

As we got underway this morning we were going from our overnight anchorage at river mile 228 up toward the mouth of the Grand at 250, then four miles up the Grand to Brunswick where we would replenish our rapidly melting ice and pick up some other minor needs. When we reached the Chariton River just about river mile 239 we decided to snoop up the Chariton a bit before going on. Nearly every river in prairie Missouri (outside the bounds of the Ozark Mountains) has been channelized. Many of them were once dreamed to be parts of an engineered barge navigation system, but the smaller rivers never could carry even a pretense of the water required to float the deep draft barges. In spite of that some, including the Chariton and Grand, show on the Corps-published Missouri River Navigation Charts for a few miles up.

The Chariton, for instance, is shown as six miles of narrow stream running between close-in levees with a water surface no more than 1/16 of a mile wide. As we entered the little river we found it to be about 4' deep with a flat and featureless bottom, one sure

sign of a channelized river. In the case of the Chariton, it's not only channelized but, in fact, is traveling down a dug channel some miles removed from the original path of the river. This latter is not all that unusual for larger tributaries in this modern era as their natural tendency to meander lazily down their gradual beds offended the orderly visions of the farmers who inherited the land and who wanted to farm as much of the ground as possible, "wasting" only the minimum absolutely required for the streams that had built the fertile bottomlands.

These narrow dug channels aren't all that interesting but we found ourselves a shady corner tucked into a bend in the bank and tied up for a time and fixed our lunch and took a nap. At their most degraded there is still a peacefulness about the rivers and this lazy canal had little current, little noise, and only a small amount of boat traffic. By the time we went on our way it was getting along in the afternoon.

Close above the mouth of the Chariton we came upon a new looking public access with boat ramp and privy called Dalton Bottom Access. I don't recall this area from my tour down this reach last year, but I was paying more attention to my passengers than to the banks perhaps.

We had promised ourselves that we wouldn't pass up any chances to empty our porta-potti, so we tied up along the bank and took care of that necessary chore. Although the Missouri Department of Conservation forbids camping in most of their river accesses, we found a sizable number of campers there, which is not too unusual in outstate areas remote from any large city. I didn't look to see if the sign showed camping allowed or not.

Just over another hour of steady but lazy motoring brought us to the mouth of the Grand. The banks of the Missouri are littered with abandoned facilities from the short-lived days when the dream of economically feasible navigation was still alive. One of these stands as the landmark marking the region of the Grand Mouth. It was once an M.F.A. Central Co-Op facility but had already been abandoned by the time of publication of the River Charts and is marked as abandoned on the charts. These charts have not been revised or updated for some 20 or more years. It's impossible to tell exactly how long it's been since the charts aren't dated and Corps people whom I have asked weren't certain themselves. They stand as one more testimony to the fiction of Missouri River navigation.

It is trickier than it might seem to spot the mouth of a tributary as you travel on the main river, even a significant tributary such as the Grand. The eddies and flows, erosion and deposition that accompany the junction of a smaller river into the big river always turn the mouth of the smaller river downstream, depositing a point at the upstream end of the confluence.

Due to the tendency of the smaller river to curve sharply downstream relative to the larger in just its final few hundred yards, it is often difficult or impossible to see any distance up the smaller stream from the larger. This gives the traveler on the larger river the illusion that the mouth is just one more of the many eddy-worn coves that dot the banks of the river in places where the limestone armor has worn away and not been maintained. The floods of 1993 and 1995 opened up many

such small coves, giving far more visual interest to the river than there are over the miles of armored revetment banks which still define the compass-drawn arcs of the engineered channel built through the 1940s and 1950s.

Like the Chariton, the Grand is given its own page on the charts, showing some 12 miles of "navigable" river, most of it nearly twice as wide as the Chariton, at about 1/8 of a mile. There is far more depth to the Grand than to the Chariton once one gets past the bar that small rivers tend to deposit across their mouths as their waters hesitate and drop much of their silt before pushing through the hard edge of the swift current. Brunswick lies some four miles up the Grand and has a popular and well-used public access with boat ramp, shelter house, and privies. We were not to make Brunswick this day, but anchored on the outside of a slight bend still within sight of the Missouri.

May 29, 2005: A breeze came up overnight and turned us around off the current and backed us into the mud bank. Although we were hanging on our anchor there is so little current here in the lowest reaches of the Grand that even a light breeze could turn us away. Before breakfast we raised the motor and poled out of the mud and got ourselves afloat enough that I was able to haul us hand-over-hand up the anchor rode into water deep enough to run the motor. We motored maybe 100' further offshore and dropped the anchor again so we could make breakfast in peace without worrying about what it would take to get unstuck.

1019: Underway to Brunswick for ice and supplies. Just a mile off the Missouri on the Grand there is a bald eagle nest that we observed last year and again this year. Bald eagle nests are not neat. The nest is a pile of sticks and driftwood at least as big as a steamer trunk wedged into the fork of a tall riverside tree. Two weeks ago when we passed this nest the eagle was sitting, firm in her commitment and not budging, as her mate flew out over the river in a display likely intended to draw us away from the nest. In the ensuing two weeks the foliage had filled

in and we were not able to tell if she was still sitting or not. We did see a bald eagle in flight but not as close to us as on the previous trip. The photo of the nest is from the previous trip and shows the eagle.

Brunswick is a pleasant city of almost 2,000 but struggling like most small Missouri cities. Much of downtown is boarded up. Although it lies on the Grand, it claims the Missouri in its history and, like nearly every town in the Missouri Valley, has Lewis and Clark historic markers posted. The wide Missouri once ran past here, they say, and as much as the wide Missouri used to move before the Corps of Engineers fixed it in space, I don't doubt their claim. The Grand's wide low valley certainly wouldn't be a difficult conquest for the meandering Missouri even today if the Corps and various levee districts should look the other way for a moment of geological time.

The Brunswick river access was a busy place indeed this Memorial Day weekend. The parking lot was filled with camper trailers and boat trailers, the grass lawn covered with tents, and the muddy approach to the ramp filled with boats.

Next door to the Brunswick ramp lives a family of very interesting people whose collection of boats includes a World War II (I think) Duck, an amphibious, barge-like vessel with wheels and an outboard drive with a tunneled propeller. When it seems like a good idea to the owners they fire up the Duck, drive it across the parking lot, down the boat ramp, and cavort in the lazy waters of the Grand. The outboard drive's lower unit pivots a full 360 degrees providing forward, reverse, and any direction in between. The mighty Duck can pivot in its own length on the water.

Moored on the river behind the house they have another fascinating military surplus boat, a gray naval vessel (50', 60' long? Longer?) with wings. This boat was, in its glory days, an ocean-going hydrofoil vessel. For the past several years it sat, moored to the bank of the Grand, with its hydrofoils folded up fore and aft, looking at first glance somewhat like a huge steel hammerhead





shark. If it has moved in all those years I'm not aware of it.

On these rivers we rarely see docks or floats to tie up to. The rivers rise and fall too far and too fast and often carry too much drift. It would take constant maintenance to keep a dock afloat but not submerged and to keep it from piling up enough tons of drift at the upstream end to peel it off its moorings and send it toward the Gulf of Mexico. Public accesses typically consist of a boat ramp and parking lot with privy. Picnic tables constitute luxury. On both sides of the ramp the banks are likely to be rip-rapped, armored with randomly scattered rocks and boulders of quarried limestone. It's not a surface that offers gentle mooring for a valuable boat nor safe footing for any but the most sure-footed, but the alternative is usually mud.

These rivers carry a great deal of silt and much of that silt is very fine. These days it is mostly eroded farm soil. Historically it was sand from the upper Great Plains but, in the case of the Missouri, that sand now settles out behind the dams upriver, promising

another problem for future generations. Meanwhile, the departing productive soil of the lower Missouri basin replaces the lost sand in keeping the Big Muddy muddy. It's a lot nastier stuff when it settles out, though.

As the water slows after a rise the silt settles out into a mud bank that, when wet, is soft enough that the unwary who step on the bank are likely to go in to the knee. And boat ramps tend to be built where the water is slow. There is usually little enough traffic on the ramps and the rivers that one can tie up to the rip-rap just alongside the ramps, and as to the harsh handling that the rough rocks give to our boats, well, that's the price we pay for coming here. This weekend, though, we had a hard time finding room to tie up at the Brunswick ramp for long enough to walk into town for ice and supplies. We were able to find a spot by crowding other boats more than I like to and moving somebody's bait box a foot or two along the bank.

MorningStar is tall and has enough windage to be unhandy in crowded areas, but we didn't see any other option. It worked out all right.

1153: Underway down towards the Missouri. After our shopping was finished (and, of course, the porta-potti emptied) we were glad to return to our boat, glad to cast off and be away from the crowd at the park. We motored slowly off downriver and were soon out of sight and sound of the crowd. Once we reached the Missouri we turned on upstream but my heart wasn't in it. *MorningStar* could be much more comfortable to drive if I'd redo the steering station. It's on the list. Fairly high on the list. No matter how much I might improve her steering ergonomics, though, it is easy to get sick of the motor's ceaseless noise, even loafing along not much above an idle as we are this weekend. I try not to think about the silky smooth near-silence of a new 4-stroke motor. I know I'm not willing to trade as much life for one as it would require.

1350: Halted upstream travel at RM 252.8. Time for a light lunch and a nap.

1600: Underway downriver, drifting. Now the real trip begins. With the motor shut off we ride the strong current. We don't worry about forward, backward, or sideways. We don't worry about how soon or how far. Our truck and trailer are downstream of us and the inexorable workings of gravity and the river will take us there. The GPS is still on and tells us that we are moving 2.5mph to just over 3mph.

The current wants to hold the boat, wants to carry her along. During a rise the river carries a steady stream of drift and that drift winds back and forth like a snake, following the channel, following what is technically known as the "thal-weg," the line of maximum flow on the river. Rivers aren't really flat all the way across, nor for that matter all the way along either. Rises and falls travel down the river as waves, not unlike waves on the ocean. They can't be seen as waves, though, because they are miles long and fill the river from bank to bank. By the same token the same forces, centrifugal force and others, that swing the channel from side to side of a river's bends tend to pile up deeper water at the outside of the channel. Driftwood and drifting shantyboats tend to float to the highest point and follow it.

Driftwood, however, doesn't stick very far up into the wind and even so it gets blown out of the channel from time to time, falling away from the flow to spend days, or weeks, or years perhaps stuck in an eddy or piled up on a point. *MorningStar* is ever more likely to get blown out of the channel, but today is a beautiful day for drifting. The breeze has been calm all day and the evening calm on top of it has left us with a glassy-smooth river and easy drifting.

We don't bother to tie up to fix supper. It is too comforting to drift. The annoyances of the Corps' work fade away. Moving at the river's pace we can see the life that remains much better than we can see what is missing. These are the times that keep us coming back.

Gloria fixes supper inside the cabin but we take it outside on the front deck to eat. Even with all the windows open it is nicer outside. We can hear the birds sing. As we drift past wing dams we hear the rush of water over the manmade rapids but we drift on and the noise fades behind us.

I have the wash basin set up out on the front deck and can stand and wash the dishes as the riverbanks move gracefully but ceaselessly away upstream. It never seems like we

move, it seems like the world moves around us.

From time to time we see ourselves losing our grip on the thalweg, see wing dams coming closer, or see ourselves almost coming close enough to rub our aluminum outer pontoons along the rough rock revetment of an engineered curve, so I put my dishes aside and start the motor. A moment or two of motoring will put us back in the flow and we can put the noisy thing back to sleep and continue our drift.

1930: Running under power to select an anchorage. We anchored this night on the off-channel side along a long reach where the river is running west to east at river mile 241.

May 30, 2005: 0640. Underway, drifting. There's no need to fix our breakfast at our anchorage when drifting. It's easy to fix our meal, eat it, and clean up as the miles flow peacefully by. I'm not needed at the helm except for a moment here or there to return to our desired line of drift.

The shantyboats and flatboats of another era had no motors. They drifted downstream only. Every river was, for those boaters, a River of No Return. They had only sweeps, long crude oars they used to battle the winds and get themselves back into the channel when they lost it. Harlan Hubbard writes of extreme efforts that he and Anna had to expend to break out of an eddy on the Mississippi and of the everyday efforts to keep in the channel against unfavorable winds with Harlan in the john boat, rowing, towing their unwieldy shantyboat, while Anna bent her strong back into the sweeps at the back deck. I'm lazy, we just fire up the ol' 70. My admiration of the Hubbards knows no bounds.

We consumed most of three 6gal tanks of gasoline getting from Glasgow to Brunswick, emptying the third tank on our way back down from Brunswick to the Missouri. We brought six tanks all told. With three empty and one started before we turned down river toward home, we needed to drift just to make the journey work, but I hardly needed the excuse.

1050: Found an attractive opening in the trees on the left bank and stopped so Gloria could take photographs of it. We are nearing the end of our journey and I'm in no hurry, although we do want to get back to the truck and get back home before dark as it can be scary to tow the big rig too late and too tired.

1142: Underway again.

1215: Tied up at RM 228. Fixed ourselves lunch, packed everything for the highway rather than more time on board. Life on the trailer is harder on the boat, and on the things in it, than life on the river ever thinks of being.

1315: Underway. Glasgow in view. Early afternoon and just a mile or two above a busy public boat ramp, so we gave up the drift and powered back in. Where there is too much traffic it is better to be in tighter control.

1400: On trailer on land. No commercial tows seen this trip.

GPS record: Trip odometer 67.68 miles Moving time 15:31:49 Stopped time 10:18:26. Total time 25:50:15. Max speed 13.7mph (downstream, water speed 9.5 + current). Moving average speed 4.4mph. Note: GPS on at morning departure, off at evening anchor.



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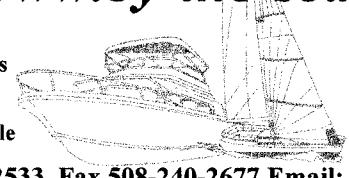
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International Scene

The European Commission is determined that it, and only it, must represent Europe at meetings of the International Maritime Organization (IMO) but EC member states are objecting fiercely, not the least for the stealthy manner in which the EC has worked to achieve that goal. Look for much discord.

Super-container ships carrying 20,000 TEU are unlikely because they will take so long to unload and the infrastructures supporting hub ports cannot handle the containers now coming from ships carrying just under 9,000TEU. And limited markets for perishable goods will make the same true for super-sized reefer ships. So predicted a former chairman of P&O. And a study predicted that ships carrying more than 14,000TEU will not be profitable. Ships carrying 4,000-6,000 will be the most profitable but even those carrying 7,000 and 8,000TEU should provide returns of 11%.

The Danish firm of AP Moller-Maersk (almost 400 ships) will take over Holland-based P&O Nedlloyd (138 ships) and together they will have 17.7% of the global container market. About \$3 billion and the loss of about 1,500 jobs are involved.

The declining dollar has cost European shipbuilding yards dearly, wiping out productivity gains and accenting the desirability of Asian yards (with the exception of those in Japan). But profits of the Asian yards have been wiped out by rises in the cost of materials, especially steel. Further weakening of the dollar could force revaluation of currencies such as the Chinese yuan and Korean won and curtail further expansions.

Pakistan wants (only) \$6.640 billion for losses suffered as a result of the stranding and break-up of the tanker *Tasman Spirit*.

Hard Knocks And Skinny Places

The usual sampling of ships with problems:

The Vietnamese freighter *Sea Bee*, headed for the Philippines from China with 5,000 tons of steel, went missing, as did its crew of 23. The ship had sent out SOS messages. One body was found.

A tanker collided with a buoy in the channel to Sabine, Texas, and the sunken buoy closed the channel for more than a day.

On Lake Victoria, *Kabarega* and *Kawa*, two of the three Ugandan government's cargo ships, managed to collide and *Kabarega* sank. A navigational error may have played a role since the only chart of the area was prepared in 1901 and had not been updated since. A few days later, the government learned that the insurance of its three freighters had run out in December and had not been renewed.

Off Algeria, the engine of the North Korean freighter *Lujin H* failed and it went ashore during a storm. Fourteen were saved, five died, and four were missing.

Fishing boats had troubles too:

In a thick fog, a Malaysian trawler with 16 aboard hit a sand barge at 4am and sank. Seven died. Nine others, including a seven-month-old baby, reached the riverbanks.

And off Port Elizabeth, South Africa, the chokka (loligo squid) fishing trawler *Lindsay* was hit by the German-owned fruit-juice tanker *Ouro do Brasil* and two men were saved although fourteen other fishermen died.

Even smaller objects had problems:

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

A British tourist was run down by a Royal Navy patrol boat while swimming in Cyprus and he came off second-best.

Off Capetown's Robben Island (prison for Nelson Mandela for so many years), the wooden yacht *Dolphin* was sideswiped by the container ship *Gisela Oldendorf* and severely damaged but not quite sunk.

And at Okayama, two Japanese seafarers inhaled hydrogen sulfide gas in the tank of the coastal chemical tanker *Kowa Maru* and died.

Gray Fleets

The U.S. Navy is welcoming Columbia and Peru to several joint exercises because their Diesel-electric submarine will provide opposition similar to small subs used by Third World navies. The U.S. Navy's big nuclear attack submarines cannot provide realistic shallow-water training. For years now, many submariners have urged the Navy to acquire Diesel-electric subs for precisely this reason.

And in the Gulf of Aden, a group consisting of a U.S. guided-missile cruiser, two U.S. coastal patrol boats, and a German frigate spotted a dhow. When one of the patrol boats got close it found that the dhow was sinking and had many people on deck. Next, the dhow slowly capsized and sank, leaving over 100 in the water, an event seen on TV worldwide. They were rescued but others may have died.

A Canadian naval board of inquiry found that absolutely no one was to blame for the fatal fire aboard the submarine *HMCS Chicoutimi* last fall and so Canada will not sue the Royal Navy. "The vulnerability of the cables in the captain's cabin could not have been predicted," said Canada's defense minister, although news reports had cited British sources as saying otherwise (but experts always appear after the fact).

Every navy wants more ships! Portugal ordered two submarines with membrane-type fuel cells that will allow air-independent underwater operations.

Sri Lanka plans to buy pre-owned warships from Britain (a Logistic Landing Ship and possibly an offshore patrol vessel).

Serbia (two frigates), and Uruguay (fast patrol boats).

And the Russian Navy will get two nuclear strategic-missile submarines next year "if everything runs smoothly." The *Dmitry Donskoy*, the world's largest submarine, was launched in 1982 and will be completed as a fourth generation sub while building of the *Yuri Dolgoruky* started in 1996. Both submarines will be armed with "Bulava" intercontinental ballistic missiles, presently in a three-year testing program.

Procurement is not always placid. The U.S. Navy wants one yard to build its DD(X) destroyers and says that would save \$3 billion of the program's estimated \$15 billion cost, but Congress wants the current two destroyer-building firms to split the work.

In Russia, a fire aboard a missile destroyer being built or modified for China caused undetailed damages. An explosion triggered the fire and killed one worker. Two ex-Russian Navy destroyers were delivered

to China in 1999 and two more are scheduled for delivery in 2005-6. One destroyer has been in service with the Russian Navy and the other may be a new-build.

At the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, the frigate *HMS Portland* took the winner of a SARTMA (South Atlantic Remote Territories Media Association) scholarship from Tristan da Cunha to the Falkland Islands for her studies. SARTMA serves the islands of Tristan da Cunha, Ascension, Saint Helena, and the Falklands.

Increasingly, it seems that sometimes improbable naval alliances are being explored. Item: The head of the Pakistani Navy stated that joint naval exercises with India could be conducted after resolution of the Kashmir issue.

Russia has awarded ten "For Strengthening Comradeship-in-Arms" medals to Royal Navy sailors for getting a stricken Russian Baltic Fleet sailor with appendicitis ashore via a helicopter during bad weather.

White Ships

Most cruise ships cruised safely and sedately but there were interesting exceptions:

The *Grandeur of the Seas* hit a pier and ripped a gash in its side at Costa Maya (a resort carved from the jungle by the Mexican government as a new stop for cruise ships). Departure was delayed although the 42' gash was well above the waterline. One-third of the 2,048 passengers opted to fly back to New Orleans.

A man fell overboard from the *Queen Mary 2* about 300 miles off Newfoundland and a search proved fruitless.

Off South Carolina, the *Norwegian Dawn* hit rough weather with 40' waves. At least one big wave reached as high as deck 10 on the 14-deck ship, flooding 62 cabins and injuring four people even though the master had slowed the ship to four knots.

And a crew party on the *QE2* turned ugly when vandalizing started. A valuable tapestry portrait of the Royal Family was thrown overboard while crew toilets, a lifeboat, and the ship's entertainment area were trashed. Three crew members were arrested upon arrival at Southampton. Authorities said chances of recovering the tapestry were "very small."

In an unusual event at Southampton, the *Queen Mary 2* passed the anchored *QE2*. Now if we could get the two together at Long Beach near the Queen Mary, what a sight that would be!

And at New York, the *Queen Mary 2* and other Carnival Corp cruise ships will start docking at a new facility on Pier 12 in the Red Hook district (part of Brooklyn) by next April.

A European cruise firm named easyCruise offers low-cost, minimum-service cruising. Essentially, all easyCruise provides is a per-night stateroom and passage between up to seven Italian and French Riviera ports. Users can get off anywhere they want and reboard as late as 4am the next morning or rejoin at a port later in the ship's itinerary. The only requirement is a two-night stay. Prices start at f25 per night (about \$47).

Those Restless Ferries

Priority boarding for horses and cattle is out on British Columbia ferries unless there is a medical emergency.

Strong winds blew the Italian ferry *Moby Rider* aground at the junction of two channels outside Livorno harbour and sea conditions kept 21 passengers and 50 crew aboard overnight. The ferry was freed three days later.

Near Yantai, fire broke out on the Chinese ferry *Baohua*, imperiling 745 passengers, but was soon brought under control.

Results from the 2003 Staten Island crash of the ferry *Andrew J. Barberi* that killed 11 now include 28 resignations, 22 dismissals, and 16 retirements. And \$10 million in overtime pay (for anything over 30 hours a week) as workers filled in for the departees, learned new security routines, and participated in training exercises. Also guilty pleas by the pilot in control at the time of the crash, the port captain, and the director of ferry operations. And a City Council committee OK'd increasing the frequency of ferry service to Staten Island.

A gun and some blood were found on the Alaskan ferry *Tustumena* and a passenger went missing. Suicide is a possibility.

Mother Nature

The hospital ship *USNS Mercy* and 47 embarked Project Hope medical personnel treated nearly 10,000 people in Indonesia after three earthquakes and a tsunami in the area.

The small wooden freighter *Cahaya Abadi* hit the reef off Nias Island and sank, carrying with it food, household, and reconstruction goods for that earthquake-stricken island. Much of the cargo was recovered and distributed. Re-imposition of import duties in Sri Lanka stranded about 200 containers of donated goods but authorities there said no duties would be necessary if they were allowed to distribute the donations. Australian charities were outraged.

A Senator introduced a bill that would prohibit the National Weather Service from outputting any product that can be supplied by the private sector. If enacted and carried to a natural conclusion, the bill could mean the end of routine marine weather forecasts.

An Italian firm is using micro-emulsion technology in a "Turbotransducer" that mixes water and heavy fuel oil to produce a fuel that has almost no emissions of smoke and NOx and doesn't penalize fuel consumption rates.

And a Russian/American team is using U.S. Navy funding to develop a "Jimov Vortex Turbine" that is superior to conventional internal combustion engines and operates at lower rpms and has a flat torque curve.

The U.S. government wants to see unused oil and gas production platforms in the Gulf of Mexico used for fish farming. One reason is to reduce the foreign trade deficit, about \$7 billion of which each year is for seafood imports.

Punishments And Penalties

Australia's Toll Shipping fired the master of its ro-ro *Victorian Reliance* after he hit an uncharted rock on Tasmania's northwest coast last November, but the company made a point of denying he had taken his ship close to shore to wave to his family on the waterfront.

A Scottish sheriff's court in Aberdeen fined the master of the freighter *Safmarine Bata* £2,000 (\$3,760) for incorrectly (and dangerously) cutting across the Dover Strait traffic separation scheme.

Someone on the chemical tanker *Bow De Jin* threw a plastic food bag overboard and Australia fined the owners \$75,000 (A\$97,000).

A French court imposed a 400,000-euro (more than half a million dollars) fine on the owners of the cargo ship *Zuara* and fined the master 40,000 euros for leaving a trail of oil 150 miles off Cape Finnesterre in October.

Nasty People and Territorial Imperatives

The Indonesia and Malaysia navies agreed to not confront each other in a disputed area off Indonesia's East Kalimantan Province.

But the Greek and Turkish coast guards did confront each other in a dispute over the small uninhabited island of Karfa (in Turkey) or Imai (in Greece) in the Aegean. This has happened before, with the U.S. preventing a war over the island in 1996.

Private escort services for ships in pirate-ridden waters have been stepping on national sovereignties in the Far East. At least seven firms are in the business, even offering armor-plated fast response escort vessels. Malaysia said users would face serious consequences while Singapore and Indonesia cannot accept the presence of such mercenaries, especially as they may be taking over the role of those nations' navies and maritime enforcement agencies. The IMO chipped in, saying that carrying and using weapons was strongly discouraged because it might cause attackers to use firearms. Why does this sound so familiar? Wasn't there an argument like this during the Cold War?

Meanwhile, piracy continued worldwide at the rate of an attack every two days. Armed pirates hijacked an Indonesian ship and took it to Port Gudong in Malaysia, where they unloaded its cargo of tin ingots before escaping to Indonesia. Off Somalia, the bulker *Tim Buck* was attacked by four armed men in two speedboats. When the bulker changed course to escape, they threw grenades that set a lifeboat on fire. Then the pirates climbed on the ship and fired shots to break a cabin window but left empty-handed. The crew had locked themselves in their cabins and came out to extinguish the fire in the lifeboat.

Somali pirates held an LPG tanker hostage for 17 days after luring it into their clutches with a fake distress call.

But Malaysia's new coast guard will start patrols in June and Thailand wants to secure the Malacca Strait.

Greek authorities launched two helicopters, a plane, and a frigate when the Norwegian cement carrier *KCL Banner* sent a coded message that pirates had boarded the vessel or possible a mutiny was underway. It turned out that the message was an error by the ship's master.

The Philippine Coast Guard found ten sacks of white powder that tested positive for TNT and was trying to determine if they were linked to terrorism. The sacks were in transit in a warehouse owned by a ferry company that had one of its ferries blown up last year by Abu Sayyaf terrorists, an event that killed more than 100 people.

Metal-Bashing

British ship-scrapper Able UK can go the other way too. It acquired a 95.3%-completed U.S. Navy oiler and will finish the

tanker.

AP Moller-Maersk owns the Odense Steel Shipyard at Lindo and has its largest ships built there but threatened to close the yard unless productivity improves.

Bangladesh ship-scrapers both formed an association and raised the price of scrap steel by \$16 a tonne, facts that enraged that country's steel industry so that it stopped buying. But the industry needs 150,000 tonnes of scrap a month, 90% of which comes from ship-breaking so...

Russia scraps its own nuclear-powered submarines, an effort funded by \$100 million a year of foreign aid, but in five or six years it will complete scrapping some 80 Soviet subs built between 1960 and 1970 and wants to then dismantle nuclear submarines of other nations.

Odd Bits

An oil-drilling company in New Orleans built itself a land-based replica of the above-water portion of a lift boat so it can train personnel before they fly out to an actual rig in the Gulf of Mexico or elsewhere. Trainees can only board the trainer via a crane-lifted personnel basket and will spend the next four days deciding whether "this is for me."

It has been estimated that the world will need an additional 41,000 mariners by 2010. Efforts are underway in Africa, which provides less than 1% of the world's seafarers, to see that African nations supply half of this shortfall. And India is among those nations with too few seafarers and so it may raise the retirement age of its marine officers from 60 to 70. It may also recognize engineering competency certificates from Singapore, Hong Kong, Canada, and Australia.

Wind gusts in excess of 70 knots blew over stacked containers at Hong Kong, killing a truck driver and injuring two others.

Head-Shakers

Without mishaps, a replica of Captain James Cook's *Endeavour* sailed from the UK to Australia. As it was entering Botany Bay, where Cook made his first Australian landing in 1770, it ran aground and a large and somewhat embarrassed celebration was quickly cancelled.

A British yachtsman used his cell phone to notify authorities on shore that his engine had failed and, furthermore, he was being harassed by a pod of whales and would somebody please come out and rescue him.



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Forecast: Mostly cloudy and cool with showers and isolated thunderstorms on the first day, then a northerly trend for a day with high pressure building afterwards.

Thursday, May 5: Up at 4am to finish packing and preparations, scheduled to meet a friend at 7am who agreed to drive me from Tallahassee down to the coast, as I would be out too long to leave my vehicle at the departure point, the St. Marks National Wildlife Refuge. We considered postponing since the weather was awful, pouring rain. But weather radar showed the current band of showers clearing out to the north, so we loaded and hooked up the boat in the rain and arrived at the St. Marks lighthouse still in the rain, but the sky was brightening.

Set sail at the ramp and I watched my truck and trailer depart, wondering if I had forgotten anything. Out in the channel the breezes were more contrary (easterly) than expected, so I adjusted everything for going to weather and put on a wetsuit and two rain jackets. Close reaching gave me a course generally southeast. This beginning led to an amazing day full of strong experience and a thrashing. Along the way were intimidating squalls and strange episodes, such as The Best Cup of Tea I Ever Had, The Inexplicable Hour That the Wind and Chop Were Opposite, This Course Goes to Cuba, The Bailing Robot Back to the Rescue, and Dutchman's Trousers At Last, the latter a term I picked up somewhere referring to small patches of blue sky on a rainy day, which appeared around 5pm.

My spinal cord felt permanently sprung from staying on the same tack all day, endlessly looking left to monitor the breaking seas. At some point the lesser mind gives out, unable to follow the complexity of the situation hour after hour, and a surer entity takes over, or so it seems. It all ended quite suddenly south of Keaton Beach, about 40 miles from where I had begun. Skimming over the flats in 2' of water, I proceeded to a favorite anchorage from past trips. Did I put on dry wool clothes, eat two suppers, and crash hard while it was still light in the west? Rhetorical.

Nor did I rise until it was light in the east. The first photon striking the optical nerve of the eye not buried inside a warm sleeping bag told me this, the sun will be out and the wind favorable. No further sleeping or even sitting still being possible, I pelted off southwards on a broad reach, the wind northeast. Crossing Deadman's Bay turned out to be something memorable. Experimenting with the rig, I set both the main and jib quite full, almost baggy. A fortunate confluence of factors, tide, wind direction, wind speed, and sea state allowed unprecedentedly fast sailing, both sails sheeted all the way out, the jib on its balance club by-the-lee, past perpendicular to the center line. Though the boat seemed at first impression overcanvassed, the jib was doing an amazing job of keeping it lined up with the waves.

On a broad reach, say on the port tack, broaches in this vessel will normally be to port, the boat tries to round up in the trough of a wave. But with the jib by-the-lee and past perpendicular (and so far forward), the tendency to broach was counteracted by the jib powering up as the boat began to turn. Steering was entirely neutral. If everyone except me already knows this, I apologize for the prolixity. Anyway, the boat went faster than it ever had and then sheeting in a bit to

Short Trips - 3

Cedar Key Cruise 2005

By Walt Donaldson



Self-steering during the midday calm. That's a SunShower warming up on the stern. By 3:00pm the wind was blowing over 15 knots.

come back onto the flats near the Pepperfish Keys, beat that record by a full knot. How grand.

The rest of the trip south was straightforward, in beautiful weather, and this trip delivered its payload of joy and satisfaction as the miles swept by, ospreys fishing, sea turtles and manatees basking, the boat pitching in time to ludicrously fetching songs on the radio, the swish of the wake, and so on. Arrived at the Cedar Keys group around 4pm and navigated through the big S-turn of the Northwest Channel without difficulty, but approaching Cedar Key proper (dead upwind now) the breeze faltered and the tide began pouring out in earnest. The messing about had already begun. I swapped tacks with a beautifully finished black Sea Pearl and a new-looking (the hull, anyway) sharpie from Tennessee. A sailing canoe and at least two other Sea Pearls were also in evidence.

Not especially motivated to stand on the island that day, I still needed to find an anchorage, I came about and rode the stream out the main ship channel, passing a trimaran forlornly stranded on the wrong side of a marker, her crew running out kedges with their dinghy. "No way, Jose," I thought as this tide was like watching the water drain out of a bathtub. Left the channel between Snake and Seahorse Keys, anchored on a strategically acceptable spot, took a sunshower, and enjoyed the fine evening. The trimaran's anchor light came on at dusk.

Saturday broke calm and warm. Rowed and paddle-sailed a bit with the incoming tide back toward the seaside cottages at which I had prior knowledge that both the Bradenton and South Georgia contingents had taken rentals for the weekend. Converged with Robb and Jane White, said Georgians, near Grassy Key, out sailing their light double-ender. It turns out that Robb doesn't just ride back and forth to Dog Island in Rescue Minor, he can sail, too! I couldn't keep up with them.

Spent over half an hour trying to anchor on the oyster shell near the cottages, not

knowing about the better ground just down the beach. Finally found decent bottom and waded ashore. Had the best intentions to sail back over to Atsena Otie Key where the serious messing about was happening, but ended up spending all day walking around Cedar Key. Ran into an old friend who I hadn't seen in eight years as well as an acquaintance from the last time I was here in 2002. Ate a sandwich in a funky little backstreet joint with picnic tables outside, eavesdropping on the locals discussing the invasion of small sailboats.

Back at the cottages, under a covered pavilion with overhead fans and porch swings, my secret hopes were realized, a big potluck with plenty of seafood. I have learned over the past few years that the Bradentonians are great cooks, and generous to boot. So compelling was this charming eventuality that I swung there on a swing until my boat was completely grounded by a Bay of Fundy-like low tide. I don't know if it was spring tides, or Cedar Key is always like that, or what. "That's your camping spot tonight right there," said one of the assembly. And so it was.

Not wanting to get stranded again, I slipped away early on Sunday before sunrise, the tide once again pouring out with a good sailing breeze blowing against it. Sailed back out the S-channel northwest, then followed the interesting coastline near the mouth of the Suwannee for a while, where it fell calm. Took a swim and a nap, then a sea breeze filled in after 1pm, allowing an expedient reach up the coast to a maze of oyster reefs and flats north of Steinhatchee called Rock Point. Found a perfect anchorage protected by a chevron of sand reefs, easy day.

Monday I rode the morning breeze north to Keaton Beach where the incoming tide finally provided some clear water so I went snorkeling at noon during a calm. Cedar Key is always (?) muddy and much of the water this trip was low visibility due to a rainy spring. Chatted with a pair of stonecrab fishermen who assured me that the breeze would fill back in on the falling tide, and so it came to be. Spent a frustrating hour trying to make a phone call in Keaton to arrange for my pick-up, no dice. In gratifying compensation the rollicking sea breeze handed me 18 more miles toward home before sunset, however, where I anchored in the vicinity of the Rock Islands, a wild-and-woolly looking spot just north of the Fenholloway River.

Playing tactics on Tuesday, close-reached WSW about ten miles offshore on the light northerly land breezes, anticipating a forecasted southwesterly. It eventually came to pass, after I trashed myself attempting to row through the midday calm. I must learn to trust the sea breeze that is nearly inevitable this time of year. Better to sleep or just relax and avoid the sun, saving that energy. Was powered up by 2pm, broad reaching for St. Marks lighthouse, and arrived there anon. Not having gotten through with that call to my buddy the day before, I had no ride, however. I contemplated sailing up the river to the little town of St. Marks (the wind was ideal for it), which would have put me less than 20 miles from home, hitchhiking range. In the end, I sailed the six miles farther west to Shell Point, checked the ramp (it is sometimes closed), finally got through to my friend, ate a big late lunch waiting for him to show up, retrieved the vessel, and made it home before dark.

Jaunts & Journeys

South in Search of the Sun

By Jim Thayer

Last February, in the midst of a cold rainy spell, which has struck back today, we decided on a quick jaunt south in search of sun. Had we realized how difficult the quest, we might well have stayed home and rented some travel videos.

In Phoenix all the low spots were flooded and intermittent rain continued across the border and until in sight of the coast. Two minutes on the sand and our international monetary ambassador was deep in dealings with a pendant peddler/silver savant/geegaw guru. A sale completed to mutual satisfaction, we next hit a pill parlor to pay for the trip. El farmaceutico was a most agreeable fellow and drew a map directing us to a modestly priced hotel.

Following his map with increasing trepidation, through downscale barrios on rough sand streets we came, just before turn back time, to a guard shack and were waved through. The Florida style highrise appeared to be still unfinished but no doubt offered, on one side at least, good views for US\$110. Just looking, thanks! We wound up at the Desert Rose, happy at 30 bucks with a \$10 key deposit.

Puerto Penasco has been for many years a handy, near Stateside outpost for fishermen and trailer towing sun seekers. I had never been there but had a mental image of scruffy trailer parks and a few bars. Apparently money has hit the scene. Land is for sale, investors are wanted, and big hotels are popping up like desert flowers after a spring rain.

But we came for the boating scene. The harbor may be the snuggest in Mexico with



Mexican launch machina.

room for quite a large trawler fleet and a couple of floats of yachts. Only a few boats had nets hanging, indicating much reduced activity. We did see a couple of boats out and all the eating joints cried "shrimp."

North of town, past where the ultralight was jumping off the main road with one intrepid tourist passenger at 50 clams a pop, past the headland, you come to a long established but still growing, part native, part gringo development which hides a launching ramp on a deep bay, open to the NW whence come de strong winds in winter.

It was well worth the trip to watch the pelicans watching a man cleaning fish. It cost me an inordinate amount of tape. Thank goodness for editing. Action at the ramp is mostly local fishermen but there are a number of keel boats around town. The local answer to travel lifts is a mongrel truck/tractor outfit that can operate to a depth of 6' or

so. It may well be that they have exclusive use of the facility. The one boat hauled while we were there had a nice tub of fish but I forgot to investigate the launching situation. The fee might depend on how fancy your boat is.

We came back through Pinacate National Park just north of Puerto, which is a splendid place if you like volcanoes and Sonaran vegetation. It rained most of the two days home. We ignored (took under advisement) one road closed sign and lucked out when the washout gang let us through without a word of complaint.

Puerto Penasco is a good enough place to spend a few days. There is a nice waterfront esplanade, good curio shopping, lodging to suit any taste, all sorts of restaurants, and plenty of trailer parks. Yep, a good enough spot, but I think I've seen it.

A Tale Of Two Messabouts

By Mississippi Bob

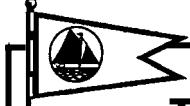
out and head back to St. Paul for a wedding just about the time that folks really began showing up with a large variety of boats. I have seen the photos of boats that came after my departure and I realized that I had missed out on a very interesting collection of boats.

Rend Lake is a long way from my home in suburban Minneapolis but I felt that it was worth the trip. Phil Lea was there from Arkansas and one gentleman from Tulsa, Oklahoma, with his daughter. I met a lad from Sioux City, Iowa, who came a long way also, but my friend Paul Breeding from Colorado Springs probably covered the most mileage.

To me the highlight of the event was a chance to meet Jim Michalak and Kilburn Adams. I found a world of difference between these two men. Jim, I felt, was very open to changes in his designs, he seems to have a "whatever works" attitude. Kilburn is quite the opposite. He has designed a boat he considers to be not in need of any changes.

The weather was not cooperative at Rend Lake and folks got blown off the lake a couple times on Saturday. On Sunday we woke up to a monsoon. We rolled up our wet

tents and headed to a nearby restaurant for breakfast, which was a joy. It is always neat to sit around and talk with the luminaries in the sport. The talk was boats, of course, and motors but all too soon folks headed out. The group was leaving when Jim Michalak walked in. I was in no great hurry and I had a bottomless coffee cup so I stayed and talked boat some more while he ate. I was really impressed with Jim's low-keyed approach to boat building. That half hour was to me the most enjoyable part of the weekend.

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Well, Coast House Week has come and gone... Whew, what a big deal. It took Jane and me two trips in the Rescue Minor to haul all the junk and foodstuffs, and you have to remember that the boat will haul a complete roof for a thousand square foot house in one load. It was a bunch of stuff... nine children's worth for one thing. They stayed for seven days without re-supply and nobody starved to death, which is saying something.

One crew did run out of a few things so they sent my sister with me when I had to take another crew back early because of some more important scheduled event or other such foolishness, but the durn woman forgot to take her pocketbook and only had 12 wadded and salty dollar bills that I had in my little moldy possibles bag I keep in the boat all the time. She walked to the store anyway but, because she didn't have enough money for the necessities, she bought cookies and ice cream which were much more appreciated than the necessities anyway. It was an economical move, too. You know, due to the high price of the gas it takes to run a fast boat, ice cream is worth about \$35 a pint over on Dog's Island.

I'll get the social observations over real quick so I can get to the proa part before too many of you gentle readers get disgusted and rend the magazine into shreds and cancel

That's about 10 knots of wind. Old Cuz is not actually necessary under those conditions. Wes alone is enough to counteract the weather helm. What happens (we think) is that the harder it blows, the more the sail pushes the bow down and that moves the center of lateral resistance forward. The harder it blows, the more the yard bends, too. In this picture, the fish job is just a little piece of bamboo small enough to fit inside the sleeve sewn into the luff of the sail. Wes soon lashed a bigger piece about 12' long along the outside and that stiffened the yard enough so the sail set without that deformity where the sheet pulls in on the center strut. Another thing he did was to add more stays from the mast to the center aka like Marshal Island proas. That kept the bend out of the mast and also supported the platform better. It is hard to tell the speed from the picture because the wake is so small but the Rescue Minor had to plane out pretty good to get this close.

The Flying Proa of Dog Island...

Fishing the Yard

By Robb White

your subscriptions or... our incredibly patient editor gets disgusted saying, "What the hell am I supposed to do with this crap?" and throws the manuscript on the steaming pile with the rest and wheels off on his recumbent bicycle to recover his wit's end.

What I think it is with the Democrats and Republicans is that the Republicans are sort of lying low and the Democrats are scattered. Maybe the Republicans are sort of stultified by the realization that the whole shebang is firmly in their hands and have finally quit prancing around doing the victory dance like Rocky on the marble steps and the old Eddie Murphy saying applies directly to them. In case you forgot, a moviegoer said, "You dropped the gun when you busted the window. What the hell you gonna do now?"

I don't know but maybe they sort of wish they had one or two more dwindling Democrats in the Senate so they could blame some of this on somebody else. I mean it has

been a long time since Clinton wiggled out... plenty of time for them to have straightened up the whole world the way they been talking. Maybe they better try to round up some of these Democrats from whatever museums and art galleries they scattered off to and reinstate them in some kind of prominent positions to act as targets if nothing else.

So old Wes brought his proa (and five children) to Coast House Week. Despite the fact that he is attending one of these school-teacher oriented diploma mills to get a master's degree, he was able to fix a few things that he found he needed to fix at the initial trials in the calm waters of Lake Hall but he was still worried about a thing or two. For one, he didn't know if the crossmembers (akas) from the main hull to the outrigger (ama) were strong enough. You know they scissor so the ama can fold back when the thing is on the trailer. There are three of them and they are made of very good quarter-sawn ash and I tried to tell him to quit worrying about them and concentrate on pulleys.

Because of the diploma mill situation he wasn't able to get to the boat ramp until about 8pm on the first Friday. Fortunately the boat ramp was vacant of yahoos so we were able to get the boat off the trailer and the ama unfolded. Unfortunately there wasn't a breath of wind and we didn't know how the



thing would tow and were scared to do any experimentation in the narrow confines of the river with running lights time crowding us and no running lights.

Fortunately... at that I must digress. You know children's books are a powerful influence on adults who are required to read them over and over to children who are not old enough to read yet and children's tastes are peculiar and not easily altered by adults who think they know everything about child psychology. One of the books we read over and over again was *Fortunately* (Remy Charlip). I'll just give you a hint so you'll understand how this book influenced this story.

"Unfortunately, there was a hole in the parachute." "Fortunately there was a haystack." "Unfortunately there was a pitchfork in the haystack." "Fortunately he missed the pitchfork." "Unfortunately he missed the haystack."

Fortunately it is possible to hide a book and fortunately we had brought my little 35lb thrust electric trolling motor and a fairly good battery so Wes started easing out the river. Fortunately the boat steered as well with the motor as under sail and all he had to do was shift his weight on the slats forming a platform across the akas to steer. Unfortunately, the unloading and fooling around took so long that he was only about halfway to the island when the sun went down but fortunately, the marine patrol was not out there writing tickets so he eased on across in the sunset.

I hauled the hungry children to the house and went back to deal with the situation in case the trolling motor battery gave out. Fortunately the almost full moon came up in time for me to see the long, low, gray boat moseying along across the bay. It was a good trip. The land breeze came and the bay made up a few white caps and tested his aka strength a little bit. He could hardly stand it eating his supper in the dark (no lights during sea turtle season) watching his proa out there swinging to the Bahama moor ahead of the Rescue Minor and wondering what revelations tomorrow would bring.

Unfortunately it brought winds from the NE 20-22 and steady all day long. Wes broke his yard first thing. I mean, all he did was hoist the big sail and that proa leapt through the water as if it had caught a line from a train but it only lasted a minute or two and then it was drifting in the water like a seagull with his wing broken from hitting a power line. You know, a man should not be daunted by minor mishaps. If you can't fish a yard, you need to stay home. What if you are stranded on Desolation Island and the Wasumkind has shot the main yard with her bow chaser just before she sailed herself under in the vast wastes of the South Atlantic? Need I quote Eddie Murphy again?

Fortunately we had a long bamboo mast from another experiment and a lot of twine and it was only a matter of minutes before Wes was back out there hauling on his hal-yard. Unfortunately the cheap temporary line was chafed from all the wear and tear of the primitive wood grommet at the masthead and the yard fell into the water. Fortunately we had some more line and he hoisted the sail in all that wind and the proa tore out from the anchorage like a bat out of hell... but it rounded up into the wind and all his moving ballast and applications of his steering oar wouldn't hold it off the wind enough to sail

for more than a minute or two. He limped back and tried to figure out what to do.

He tried lashing the steering oar differently but to no avail. Finally his cousin from South Florida came around from where they had rented an air conditioned house down the beach (\$1,000 a week... hot tub) to find out what was what and Wes had to admit the shame of the failure of four years of dreaming...

Now, with that I have to tell you something. You know, amongst all the possibilities, there are actually only two different kinds of people in this world. There are those who don't do nothing and those who do. I don't give a damn what all you learn from watching TV (I guess Democrats watch the "Discovery Channel" and Republicans watch "Business Week," but I wouldn't know, I ain't got no TV). If you don't do anything, you ain't did nothing. I mean, just because somebody chats all the time on the internet about proas does not qualify one to be able to find his or her ass with both hands. There are thousands of proa experts in the world but only a few who have actually built one and I don't know if they chat about it or not. They are probably out there sailing and not online. All the knowledge in books and blasted out by the media is old news. The only way anything new comes up is when somebody does something.

So, old Cuz piled in and he was all that proa needed... about another 200lbs of movable ballast. You know the flying proas of the Caroline Islands are steered by the biggest woman in the crew. She hangs from one of the stays to the mast and struts her fine self a little bit fore or aft to raise the bow to fall off or lower it to come up and also adjust the athwartships ballast so the ama just tips the tops of the waves every now and then and the boat flies through the water like something created by a complication of evolution that no diploma mill or CAD program could possibly conceive.

Wes and his cousin sailed all over the bay in that thing. Old son Sam and I went out in the Rescue Minor and took some pictures. Boy, it was something. I don't know if those yahoos on the shore or on boats realized that grey plastic tarpaulin they were looking at was the fastest sailing boat ever in Apalachee Bay or not.

Which... I have to differentiate between wind surfers and other boats at this point. There is no question in my mind that a wind surfer is the fastest thing to ever take the wind on water (I don't know nothing about no iceboat) but they are not a real boat. The duration of a windsurfer voyage is so short that, though they are certainly wonderful, I don't call them boats.

Tarpaulin or not, no catamaran would have stayed anywhere near Wes's proa that day and they stayed out there all day. Fortunately (!) Sam and I had some sunscreen to throw to Wes and old Cuz but, unfortunately, I threw short but, fortunately, we had another tube but, unfortunately, I overthrew but, fortunately, it floated and, fortunately, I was able to put it in old Cuz's hand the next time or they would have been burnt to a crisp and been housebound for the rest of Coast House Week.

So, repairs and modifications were made all week long and the proa turned into a reliable and very capable sailboat. It was discovered that many children can be substituted for one large man as ballast. It was dis-

covered that only two or three out of five or six of those children needs to be awake to steer the boat. Unfortunately Wes's wife is too small to be much ballast, but fortunately he has five children and they are growing like...

Well, unfortunately I was so busy fooling around chasing that proa that I did not adequately pursue the fortunate mullet and we would have starved to death but, fortunately, all those children thrashed the waters for miles up and down the beach and caught so many crabs that we ate real well. What goes around comes around, y'all.

How It Works

So why am I writing this instead of Wes who is not only a capable boatbuilder and innovator of good repute but a good writer, too? He ain't got time, is why. The man is overloaded. The diploma mill had a questionnaire about why an already certified school teacher would seek a master's degree. Most of Wes's peers wrote something like, "I am seeking to further my education so as to be able to be the very best teacher I can possibly be." Wes wrote, "So I can cut myself a \$6,000 raise." It is time for him to take that degree and go back to work already. Fortunately, I have been delegated to tell you how that proa works or you would not know.

It is an outrigger canoe with an asymmetrical main hull. There is a swollen out place all along the outside (lee side) of the main hull and, except for that, the cross section of the hull would be a very acute vee shape. The keel is perfectly straight. The main hull is (and I am estimating all these figures) about 30' wide and 25' long. The ama is a very narrow symmetrical vee about 15' long and maybe 10' wide. Despite these small widths, two grown men barely submerge either the main hull or the ama at all. The beam of the whole rig is maybe 10'. The width of waterline of the main hull when the boat is underway is 9" (measured at the scum line). The swollen place rides about 8" clear of the water.

Wes says he built it like that in case the thing wanted to cut through big waves instead of rising. I don't think it was actually necessary but it does give enough width to the main hull for somebody to sit comfortably in there or else the boat wouldn't be wide enough for to accommodate the rump of even a normal sized adult and they would have to sit out there on the platform all the time which would submerge the ama too far for maximum efficiency in light wind so all is well with the hull design. One unexpected oddity is that, despite the asymmetry of the whole thing, the boat tracks perfectly straight and will tow docilely along at 12kts behind the Rescue Minor as long as you go straight... turning takes a while.

The rig is the peculiar thing about the boat. You know most proas sail with the main hull to the windward side all the time. That means that the boat can't just tack through the eye of the wind to come about or the ama would wind up on the lee side and get pushed down too far in the water for maximum efficiency. The boat has to sail off in the other direction to tack. They call it "shunting." The way most proas shunt is that some of the crew takes the tack of the yard from one end of the boat to the other while somebody else takes the steering oar to the other end and it apparently works real well because all capable observers say a proa will beat to wind-

ward better than anything.

The trouble is that it takes a skilful and athletic crew. Wes certainly has that but he wanted to be able to sail alone so he invented this rig where he hauls the ends of the yard down to one or the other stem by a continuous line going through two grommets on the stemheads. He shunts by tipping the yard so that one tip is tacked to one of the stems to sail in one direction and the other tip is hauled down to the other stem to go the other way. It sounds real simple and would be except that the center of effort of a symmetrical sail is too far aft to balance the lateral resistance of a hull that is identical on both ends.

Wes solved that by making it so that the mast rakes toward whatever end is the front of the boat. There is a stay from stemhead to stemhead going through a grommet at the peak of the mast. This stay is slack enough to allow the mast to pivot on its step and tip in first one direction and then the other. There are two little carved blocks intertwined and served into this stay to fetch up against the grommet to stop the mast at the right angle of rake for both positions. The mast pivots automatically when the yard is hauled down. It works real slick but it truly looks funny from a distance. When the tack end of the yard is released from the stemhead by the shunting line the whole sail becomes slack and flies out to leeward horizontally from the mast-

head until he pulls the other end of the yard down to the other stemhead.

From a long way off, the sail just seems to disappear completely and so does the boat. The whole boat is so light (two men can easily lift it on and off the trailer...) that when the shunt is complete the acceleration is so fast that the boat just seems to appear again in another place. I don't see how all these all-day beer drinkers can stand to watch such a thing and not itch to find out what the hell is going on.

There is one other complication to the rig that I left out just so your minds wouldn't become too boggled up with details. There are three struts sticking down from the masthead to hold a big roach into the leech of the sail. If the sail were just a simple triangle there wouldn't be enough area unless the mast was real high. These struts are only attached to the leech at the ends. They are very small bamboo sort of like a fishing pole and Wes could have put them in batten pockets in the sail but he would have had to take them out to furl the sail. All he has to do with this rig is to drop the yard, unhook the little brass dog chain hooks on the ends of the struts from the sail, and furl it all up. The struts just hang from the mast.

It is quick to rig and de-rig. He sheets to the tip of the center strut. All he has to do to ease the boat in a gust is to give sheet and the leech of the sail flies up out to leeward. Of

course, he doesn't do that because in any wind we have had down here all he has to do is walk a little further toward the ama. It is a very docile and easy to sail boat. You have plenty of time to do what you need to do and, boy, is it exciting. Even in wind too light to feel, the boat just slithers through the water, and when it blows it is hard not to get the adrenalin quivers.

So are there any problems? Yeah. He needs a real sail. The duct tape patches are coming off the corners and, despite its high reputation amongst jackleg artists, polyethylene tarpaulins are not much for wear and tear under everyday use in windy conditions. The sail is pretty threadbare, sort of like the heel of a sock. (Stuart Hopkins... are you attending?) Though the fish job worked pretty well on the yard, Wes needs a real spar. (RW & Sons... are you attending?) The flexibility of the yard determines how much belly there is in the sail and when it blows hard, there is too much and upwind performance is compromised. He needs a real stiff yard with exactly the right curve and the old Dabbler needs to know all about it. Wes is thinking of fiberglassed bamboo with a tapered stripe of carbon fiber all down the length sort of slightly windward of the convex curve. I bet he is thinking about that right now as his marching band partakes of the improvement in their quality of education due to his new master's degree.

Soon after I bought my current 15' West Wight Potter in 1995 I just had to add a few things to it. Readers would understand just how that is. Most of the things were very ordinary, running lights, etc., but a few things are maybe worth describing. These have worked well on my boat, and I would encourage others to think seriously about adding them to their boats.

The first problem I wanted to solve was to keep a big deep-cycle battery charged on a fishing and/or camping trip of even two or three weeks. The obvious solution was a solar panel, of course, but I added a few useful things. I bought a Siemens 1.1amp/hour panel which just neatly fit the cabin hatch cover on the Potter. It struck me as being pos-

Potter Mods

By Rolland Boepple

sibly breakable, so I fabricated a mounting frame around it using black anodized aluminum doorsill material. Just in case I ever wanted to get it off of the panel, I only used rivets to assemble it on three sides and sheet metal screws (stainless) on the fourth side. The frame encloses the panel and holds a clear piece of 1/4" Lexan covering the top.

This was supposed to protect the panel in case some dodo plunked his tackle box down on it. That has not yet happened but it still gives me a comfort level. The sunlight that goes through the Lexan does not seem to be changed in any way that degrades the electrical performance of the panel, even after several years. (I do keep my boat in our garage when it isn't being used. That might help.)

Between the panel and the battery I have a toggle switch that can disconnect it and a small voltage indicator which keeps me posted on the battery and the charging voltage. I wanted a switch because I had read that the panel can actually cause a drain on the system at night if you don't disconnect it.

The second improvement was that I wanted to have a depth gauge/fish finder but did not like having to hang the transducer on the transom. Instead, I took a chance and cemented the regular transom transducer that came with my Apelco fish finder to the inside of the hull under the cabin liner, using fiberglass resin. This can be done on a Potter because there is a storage hatch which allows access to the area. I put it near the centerline and approximately at the lowest part of the hull. It is very sensitive and accurate, I believe, and even adequate for deep lakes like Cachuma, north of Santa Barbara, which

is close to 200' deep when the lake is at maximum capacity. This also puts the transducer in a very protected location.

Maybe I should mention a couple of other things. The trailer that came with the Potter has a strong forward mast holder, it is a sailboat, of course. I only use a 3hp Yamaha outboard, which weighs about 35lbs, but I decided to add a motor mount to that post so that the weight of the motor would be carried by the tongue of the trailer, not the transom of the boat, while it is on the road. I used a double thickness of red oak, glued together, and it is hard enough wood to have no crushing from the clamps on the motor after these several years. With the weight moved forward, the trailer tracks very well.

It was also easy to add a connector to this motor so it could use a larger external gas tank. It was only necessary to just cut the existing gas hose that goes from the fuel cock to the fuel pump and insert a "T." Drill a hole in the motor cover, run the added hose through it to the outside, and add a standard connector, which I mounted under the handle with the throttle on it. As a sailboatman it bothers me to refer to that one as the "tiller." When I am using the external fuel tank I must close the cock to the small built-in tank, of course. When I disconnect the external fuel tank, the connector will close automatically and I can operate the motor using the built-in tank with no problem.

I had once tried to pour gas into a small motor while my boat was tied to a dock and was being thrown about by constant wakes of passing powerboats. People watching were shaking their heads at the amount I was spilling into their lake. It is much better to have a week's worth of gas in a tank on the cockpit sole.

Well, good luck to anybody who tries any of these ideas. They did work on my boat.

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My shop got moved. Mid-May found me in Colorado Springs helping a friend glass the bottom of his Skiff America. I met Paul Breeding through our boater's network last year, I stopped for the night at his home on my way west to see the Grand Canyon and points of interest in Utah. Paul and I got along well and continued to be pen pals.

We were emailing back and forth talking about his Skiff America when he mentioned that he was thinking about trying to hire some help to glass the bottom. I got to thinking about who he might hire. There are not a lot of experienced boatbuilders in that part of the world. After a little thought and a talk with my bride, I emailed him back an offer to help if he would fly me down and feed and house me while I was there. My offer was accepted and we made plans to get me there. Paul picked me up at the new Denver Airport and we drove to his home about an hour away.

Prior to my arrival Paul had found a crew to help roll the boat bottom side up and he had the boat ready to sheath. Earlier I said we were going to glass his boat. Actually we Xynoled the bottom. Xynole is a polyester fabric that is sometimes used as a sheathing for boats. I had never used it before so it was a learning experience for me. The boat's designer recommended using this fabric rather than fiberglass. Now that I have used it I am not sure that he is doing his customers a service with this recommendation.

Paul and I spent the afternoon planning the next day's activities and in the morning we got to work in earnest. We deviated from the designer's plan. We found it simpler to wrap the entire width of the fabric around the hull. The Skiff America is a twin chine boat. One pass with the fabric covered from above the upper chine across the bottom and past the lower chine on the opposite side. Forward and aft the fabric went higher and



Carbide scraper used to cut down high spots.
Carbide scraper being used on bottom.



BOB'S BOATS

In My Shop #4

By Mississippi Bob

we could trim some off. We decided to sheath it that way.

The first piece went on without a hitch. We trimmed the fabric to wrap the stem and on the other end we cut some darts so we could cover the lower half of the transom. We let the resin tack up a little, then laid the second piece on over the tacky surface and covered the opposite side. It took a little lifting and pulling to get the wrinkles out but we did just fine. We then wet out the second layer very much as we had the first one. We wrapped the stem again and the transom, then we applied the Peal Ply. Peal Ply is a product that can be put over the wet out fabric to help smooth up all the edges.

We now had the boat sheathed from above the upper chine on each side with one layer and double sheathed from the lower chine and across the bottom. We had Peal Ply covering all the seams. Then we walked

away. The next morning we pulled off the Peal Ply and began working over the entire bottom with fairing boards. The fairing boards will cut down the high spots and not touch the bottom of the valleys.

I had been warned to be real careful sanding Xynole. I was told that it would ball up much like Kevlar. I have some experience with Kevlar and I know that it doesn't sand well at all. Kevlar simply melts from the heat created by the sander.

Paul had bought some carbide tipped scrapers. We went over the entire surface with these cutting down the bumps. These scrapers cut through the freshly cured resin. We added some thickened epoxy to the bottom and let it set up then back to the fairing boards. We repeated this fairing operation over the next couple days, working mornings and playing in the afternoons.

By the time I had to leave I was fully convinced that I would never use Xynole again. There was just too much work fairing it out. Had we used glass we could have sanded the boat out and had it ready for paint the second day. As it was Paul still had some fairing to do even after I left.

I got home and looked at my own little boat project. Look is all I had time for as the Northwest Canoe Co. needed some of my talents. The Correct Craft project was still sitting on my lawn in the back yard and the lawn needed mowing so I moved the boat and trailer to my gravel driveway. Water came pouring out through the hole in the bottom. I thought I had covered it well but I was wrong. I removed the cover and started to dry out the interior. I was sponging out between frames and noticed that the inner ply flexed up and down with my sponge. It became very clear that the boat needed a new bottom. My little shop is not equipped for such a job so I called a boat restorer that I know and sent the job his way. The Correct Craft went away.

Paul Breeding and I next to freshly glassed boat.





In the northwest U.S. and Canada many fly fishermen concentrate their efforts on lake fishing for rainbow trout. Fish grow large in fertile lakes and it is not uncommon to catch 15-20 fish per day over 20" in length. Many of the best lakes are small, with access over rough roads and difficult shoreline access. Most are under 640 acres, or one square mile, in size. The ideal fishing boat is light, portable, easily launched, and stable. It must row well as the lakes are too small to make motors worth the effort of using them.

I have been using a Phil Bolger designed lapstrake pram, his Sybil's Yawl design, for a number of years. A previous *MAIB* article by Bolger gave some of the details of this boat as I have it configured for fly fishing. This is a very handsome boat and excellent for the purpose, but the glued lapstrake construction is time consuming as numerous parts must be patterned, cut, fit, and fastened. In past times boatbuilders found lapstrake construction ideal for series construction as all parts could be patterned. Today, however, home builders seldom make more than one boat of a type so the potential for saving construction time is not realized.

My brother, George, who lives in Oklahoma, is also a boatbuilder and contributor to *MAIB*. He has been flying in to visit me in September, a prime month for fly fishing in the lakes of British Columbia. We travel north into British Columbia for these trips to an undisclosed location. I decided to make a boat for his use, one which could also be used with a small motor for local river fishing for salmon and sea-run cut throat trout.

The design I came up with is a basic punt shape 44" wide, 15-7/8" deep, and 8" long. The prototype was constructed of 1/4" ocoume plywood, with framing of lumberyard pine (probably lodgepole pine). The

A Simple Fly Fishing Punt

By Tom Fulk

drawing shows the shape of the sides and some details of scantlings and framing. This boat can be built in an 8' length, or it can be lengthened merely by separating the ends more as the mid section has parallel sheer and bottom lines. The prototype was 9' long and weighed about 80lbs.

To build the boat, each side panel is cut out and framed completely, including chine, seat riser, and gunwale guard (outside). The chines are three parts and the end sections, which curve, are sawn to shape using the side panels as patterns. It's important to remember to put the framing on opposite sides of the side panels, to end up with all the framing on the inside of the boat. The framed transoms are fastened in place and the bottom is added. Then the boat is turned over, and knees, seats, and deck complete the structure and stiffen it. Bronze screws and epoxy glue were used throughout.

Chine and transom corners are rounded off and taped with fiberglass tape set in epoxy. It's a good idea to also fiberglass the bottom, but this adds about 12lbs to the weight of a 9' boat so I omitted it in the prototype.

The seat structures and decks enclosed slightly over 2cf of foam for flotation glued to the seat undersides. Since the waters are cold and early season fishing is cold, often with snow, I feel that enough flotation to float a flooded boat level is important.

About the only interesting part of the construction was the steam bent white oak keel. This protects the bottom and stiffens it as well. I steamed the 3/4"x3/4" white oak strip in a section of a downspout pipe using a camp stove and an empty paint can as a steam generator. After one hour of steaming the hot and wet strip was clamped with rail clamps to the bottom above the chine. After cooling and drying it was moved to its centerline location and glued and screwed in place. This keel was armored with 3/4"x1/8" aluminum strips. There are also 4' long keelsons, made of Ipe over the chines in the way of the flat portion of the bottom.

I can load and unload the boat, at about 80lbs, on my pickup truck roof rack, but barely, as at 70 years of age I find that 80lbs does not lift as easily as it used to. The boat is stable and I can sit on one gunwale without

upsetting it. It rows easily with 7-1/2' oars. It motors nicely with a 2hp Honda 4-stroke at one-third throttle. I can safely stand to cast. It will accommodate two persons with plenty of room as there are three seats and two rowing positions. Trim is good with one person or two aboard. There is a lot of room for fishing tackle.

There are two anchors, which are 11lb lead balls. The anchor lines pass through brass liners in the transoms and cleat off on the center seat. I can easily lower and raise both anchors while seated amidships. Two anchors are important for the type of fishing we do as the boat can be anchored in place so it won't move much. A boat which swings at anchor alternately slackens and tightens the fly line and it's very hard to detect strikes when the line is slack. The anchoring system is a key ingredient in the success of this boat as a fishing tool.

There are some things which I might change if I built another. First, I'd move the center seat aft about 2" to improve trim, which in the prototype was very slightly down by the bow. The plan sheet shows the revised location. Second, I might consider eliminating flotation and simplifying the seat structures to lighten them and hence the overall weight. As noted, there are some very good reasons for not doing this. Third, if motoring was very important to some builder, I'd lower the run aft by 2" at the transom by making the transom 12" wide instead of 10". This would give more buoyancy aft and enable higher speed motor operation. However, the shape shown is ideal for rowing performance. I can row backwards, looking in the direction of travel, very easily with the shape shown in the plan.

This is a good cartop boat for fly fishing on small lakes. It is somewhat heavier than the Sibyl's Yawl design, but much more stable and quicker for one off construction. It is not nearly as elegant to look at as it looks a bit like a cement mixing box. I am very pleased with the design but not so happy with the weight and my limited ability to lift it. We will see what George thinks about it in September.

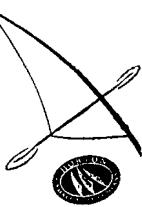
Fly Fishing Punt 8'9"/10'x44"x15-1/2"

Construction Notes and Scantlings:

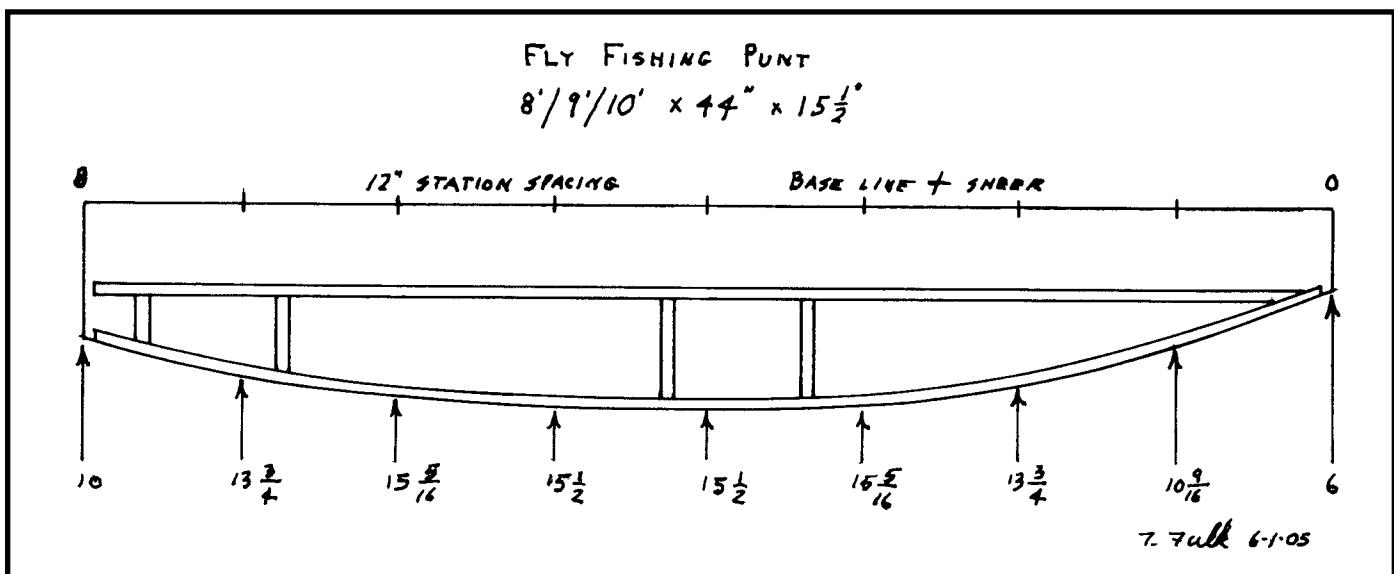
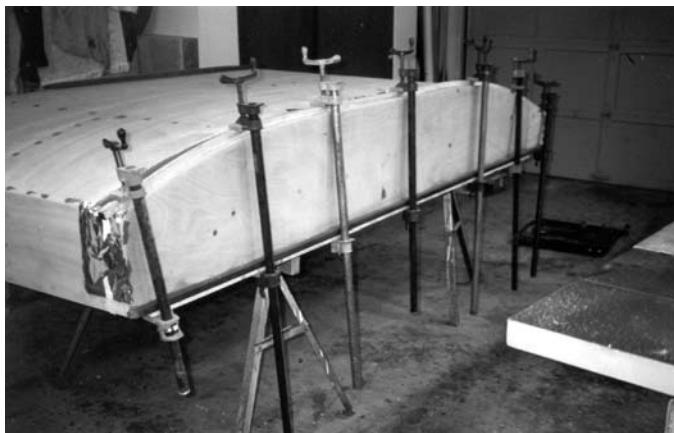
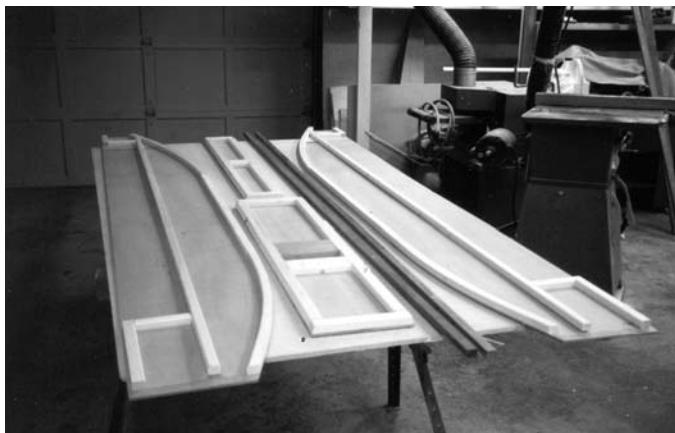
1. All framing is 3/4"x1" pine.
2. Down the centerline inside, but not shown, I pieced pine 3/4"x1" cut to the same pattern as the chine, with a post to each seat underside.
3. Transom framing on four sides of perimeter. Take bevel of bottom edge from side panel.
4. Keel 3/4"x3/4" white oak, armored with a 1/8"x3/4" aluminum strip.
5. Keelsons over chines, 4' long 3/4"x3/4" Ipe.
6. Seat framing 1/2"x4" pine front and back, fastened to side frame seat posts (shown in drawing), 1/4" plywood seat.
7. Foam flotation under all seats and deck, 4" thick.
8. Oarlocks 12" aft of seat edges. Clearance between oar grips is 5" inches, 7 1/2' oars.
9. Front deck 8" wide, aft knees, and seat knees as shown in photos.
10. Aft edge of middle seat is 44" from inside side of transom.

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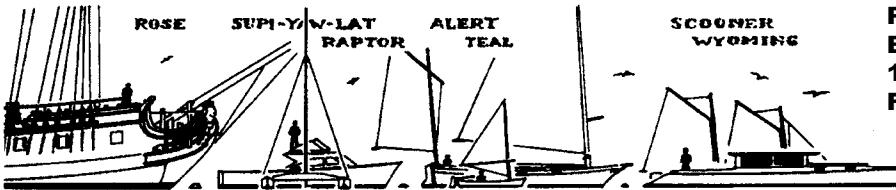
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The kinky shape is due to their having been designed upwards of 40 years ago. At that time fiberglass boats tended to be very heavy because the material is flexible compared with wood, so had to be quite thick to stiffen flat surfaces in particular. Working in curved and ridged surfaces stiffened them so that they could be laid up thinner, same reason the thin steel of automobiles is stamped into ridges and curves.

The basic requirement is to carry as big a load as possible inside a minimum footprint

Bolger on Design

Production Yacht Tender

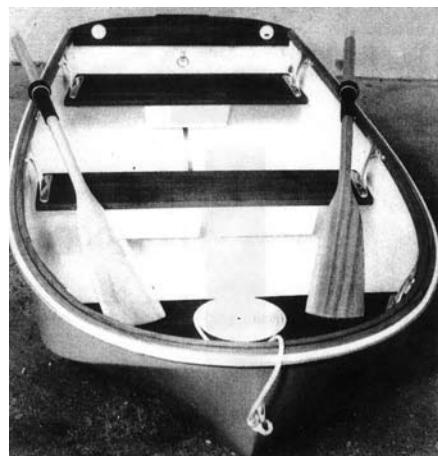
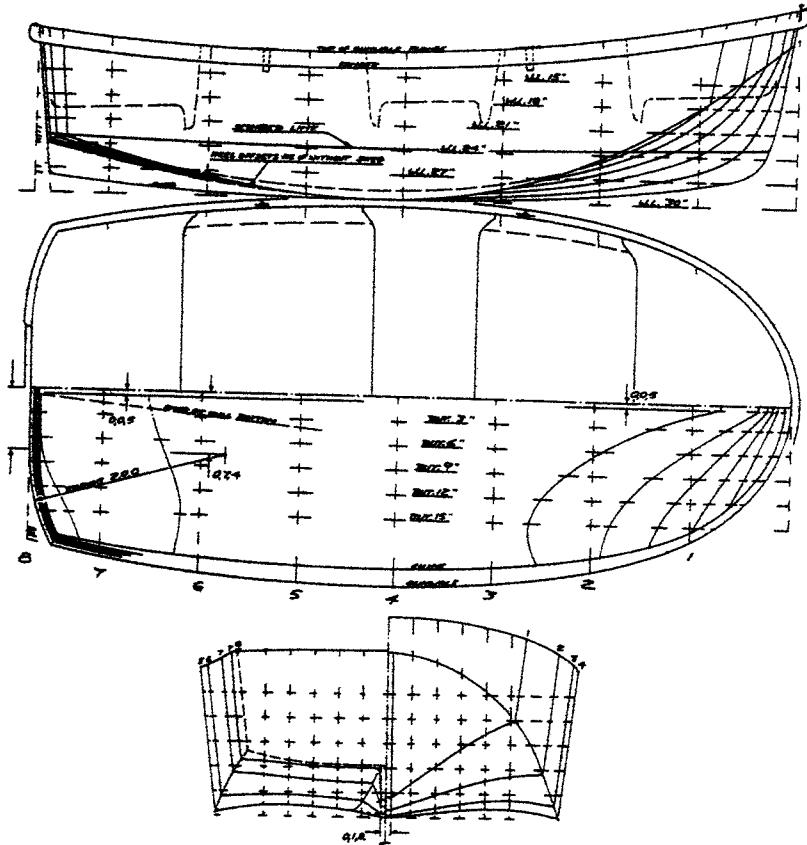
Design #184, 7'9"X 3'10"

on deck or in a dinghy park and still have something that can be rowed, if you don't try to row it fast (!) and, unloaded, will tow easily, or at any rate steadily and without swamping itself at sailboat speed, which is planing speed for the dinghy. It's also desirable if it doesn't spit spray or ship green water in a small chop or a motorboat wake.

Don't even think about building anything like this one-off. The original mold plug was carved out of solid wood, which is the only way to do it. The irony is that the box boats, Tortoise, Shoebox, Brick, and so on, the "Bolger Boxes" about which people pull my leg, do the same job as well or better since the round bow and tucked-in stem of this boat take away something from the capacity of an outright square boat of the same footprint. They're often lighter because wood in general and plywood in particular are much stiffer for their weight than fiberglass and they can be assembled in a few hours, nearly if not quite as fast and arguably less demanding of skill than laying up a fiberglass shell. At the time this boat was designed, plywood was short-lived compared with fiberglass. That's not the case anymore if a little more trouble is taken to protect it.

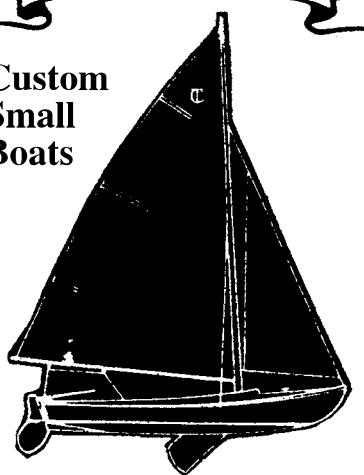
What the box boats don't do is look sophisticated (though they are!), they look crude and makeshift to most eyes. They don't sell well in boat shows or out of a display window no matter how well-finished they are or how many demonstrations of how much they can carry are presented. That attitude spills over into boats like the original Boston Whaler, which was essentially a garvey with the basic flat-bottomed, square section shape cut into the "advanced" cathedral hull shape to make it look as though something worth more had been done. In fact, some carrying capacity had been lost and anybody who has driven one in choppy water can testify that the ride was still as bumpy as it could possibly be. The Whaler was a very good concept and a bold one, almost as good as though it had been a true garvey.

A huge percentage of boat designs, and architecture, and industrial design in general, are tainted with the need or wish for the client to agree that the designer did something for his fee. It takes considerable nerve to chance having the client say, as one once said to me, "If it's that easy, who needed you?"



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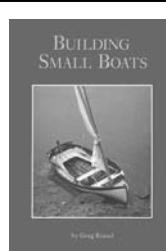
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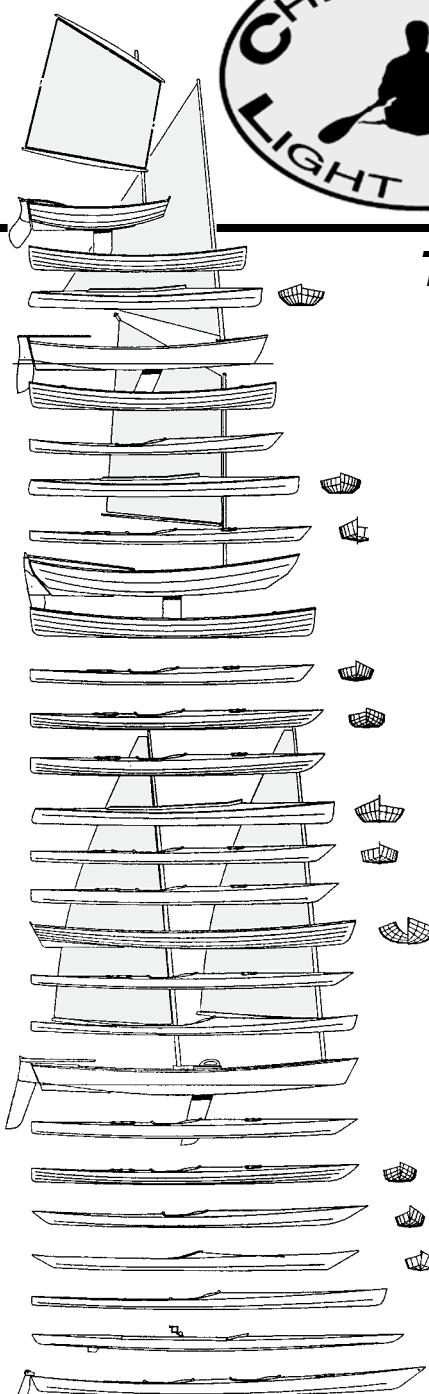
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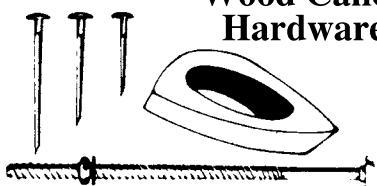
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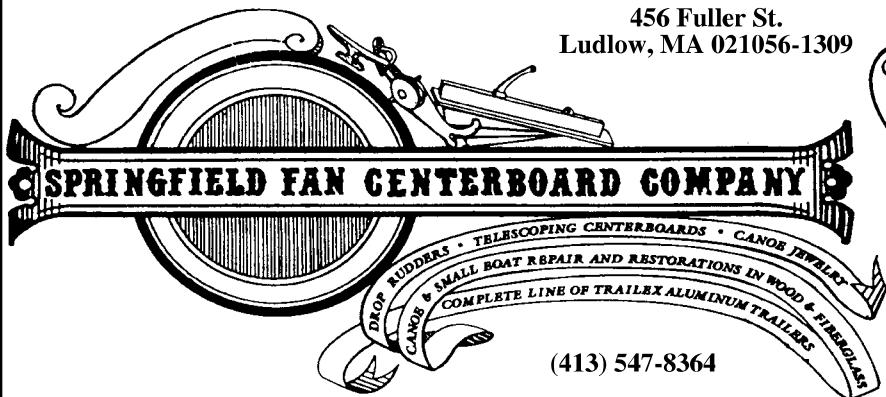
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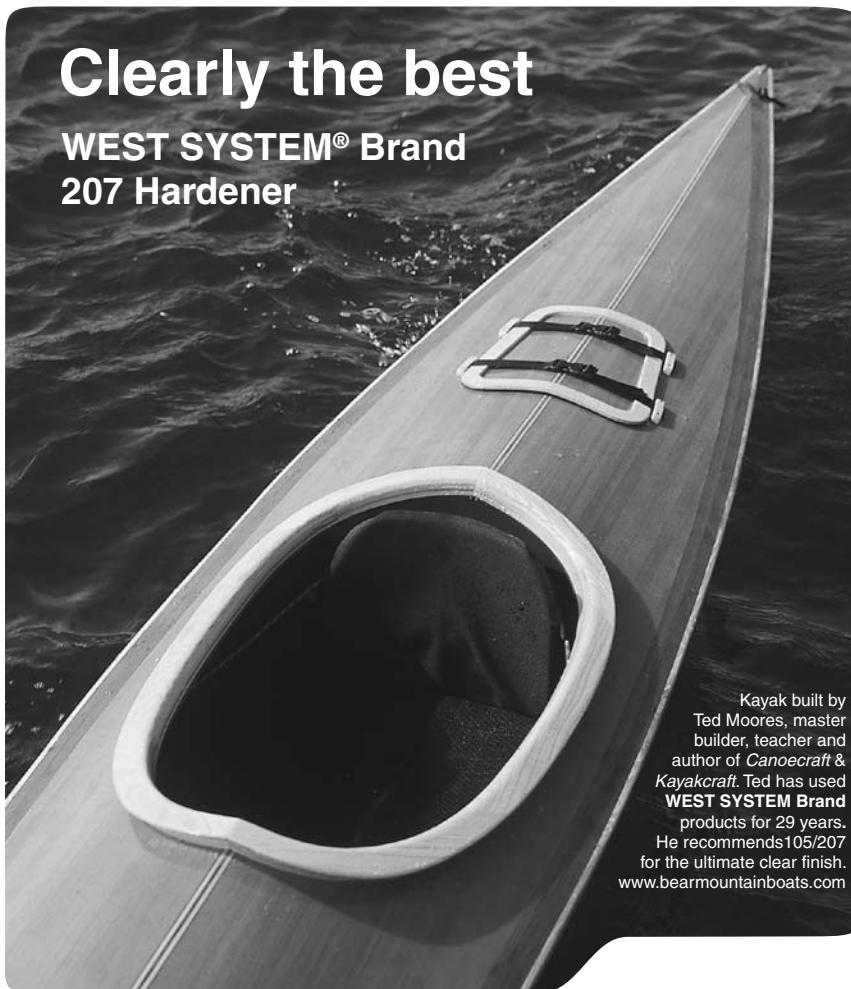
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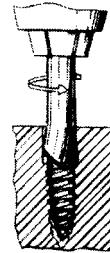
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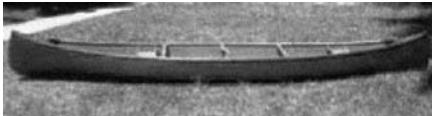
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12' Catboat, Button Swan replica. Blt '03, Atlantic white cedar lapstrake over white oak, bronze fastened. See Chapelle's American Small Sailing Craft, pg 243. \$4,500. 15' Catboat, Blt '62 but in vy gd shape. Well maintained. \$1,000. JOHN AMMERMAN, Brick, NJ, (732) 920-4735 (11P)



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Steamboat, Rose class, green fg hull w/white ash trim & seats. Vertical firetube boiler w/85 copper tubes, coal & wood grate, ash lagging & copper stack. 2" x 2-1/2" engine w/Stephenson link reverse & eccentric driven feed pump, hand pump & steam injector. Copper feed water heater & hotwell w/float valve. Bronze shaft & prop. Bilge pump. 2 steering wheel positions. Matching green umbrella canopy. Galv Shoreline trlr. Runs well & is ready to show or go. Asking \$14,000.

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Classic Looking Yacht, gaff rigged trimaran, all wood/epoxy, teak, wheel steering. 31'loa (long bowsprit). Over \$5,000 invested, unfinished. Sell for \$2,500 incl trlr, new sails. Pics up on www.taimaui.org. Located nr Wellsville, OH on State Rt. 39 in Highlandtown.

R. STEWART, Wellsville, OH, <ula@taimaui.org> (1)

1973 Montgomery 12 Sailing Dinghy. Full details at <http://home.earthlink.net/~m12>. \$2000. TIM MINTER, W. Palm Beach, FL, <m12@earthlink.net> (8)

O'Day Widgeon, 12'4", '80 \$400. Cox trlr, 1,000lbs, '75, disassembled. \$100. Will sell separately.

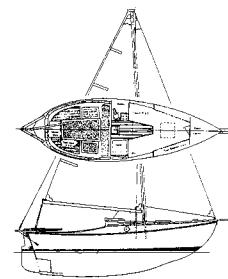
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12' Starcraft Sea Scamp, older alum boat, unused for many yrs, no damage, nds paint \$300/bo. DAVE DURGIN, Duxbury, MA, (781) 585-4991 (9)



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24' Classic Seaforth Double Ender, '79, prof restoration '03 w/all Perko & bronze, fresh water boat to date. 2/6" draft, 4,000lbs displacement, 7'4" beam. 8hp Yamaha w/alternator barely broken in, sails prof overhauled & never struck. A definite head turner, dark green & white. Solar panel, Ronstan vang. Too much more to list. Located on Cape Cod, MA. Photos at <caribbeanlight@aol.com> \$8,500 obro, or consider trade for Dovekie or Shearwater.

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13' Penn Yan, believed to be a Swift, w/steering but no motor. \$200. 16' Hi Liner, no motor. Free. Years unknown. Both nd wood work. BOYD'S BOATYARD, Canton, CT, (860) 693-4811 (9)

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15.5' Windmill Class Racing Sailboats (2), w/ sails, rigging, trlrs. Wooden, nd some TLC. \$800 & \$400 (not fully built, has sailed, blueprints & instructions incl) Nr. Conesus Lake, Livonia, NY. MIKE CONNELLY, Rochester, NY, (585) 271-2678 (9)



Unique Bolger 30-Footer, balanced or dipping lug rigged. 2 mains plus storm sail. Pivoting wing keel, prototype of Insolent 60. 2 berths, great visibility from cab w/Lexan windows. Autopilot, Sea Swing burner, GPS, VHF, compass, 2 anchors & much more. Needs the right owner. \$6,000. GARY BLANKENSHIP, Tallahassee, FL, (850) 668-9826 (9)

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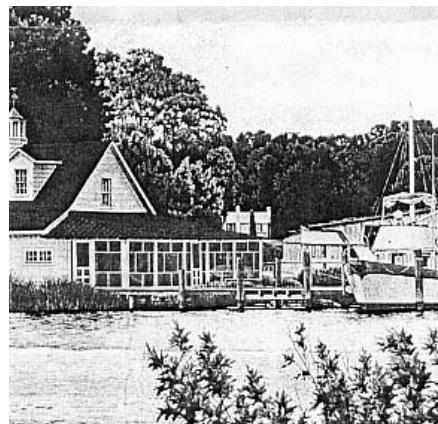
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Fall Row

Photo by Barry Donahue

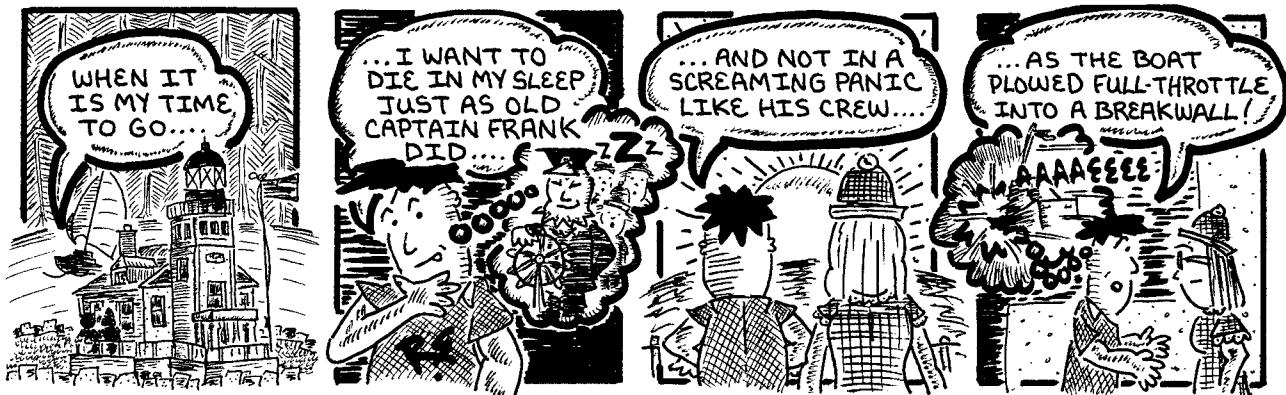
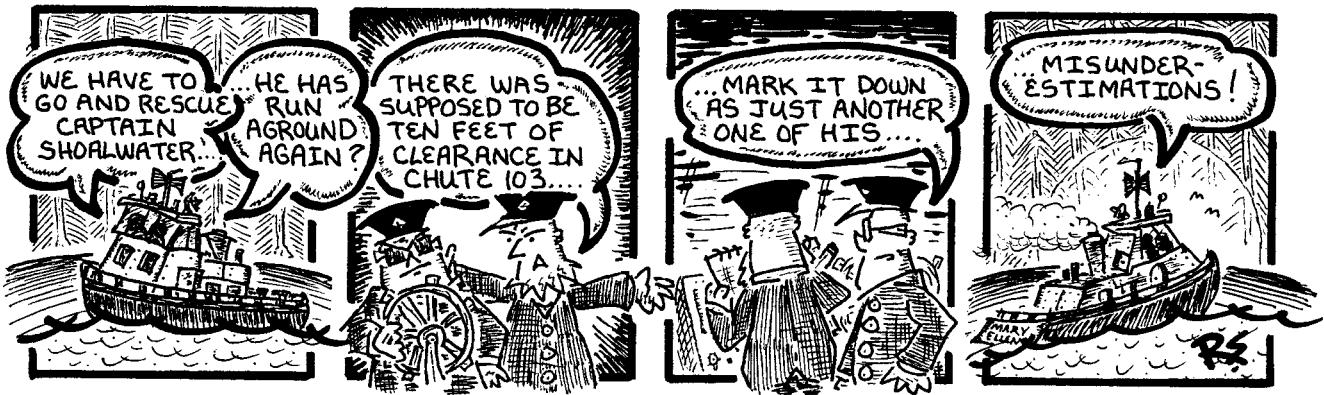




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July 30-1 Antique & Classic, Skaneateles, NY
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg, VT
Aug 5-7 Hildene Crafts Festival, Manchester, VT
Aug 5-7 Antique & Classic Clayton NY
Aug 12-4 Art & Crafts Festival, Lake Placid, NY
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